The Outlook

Vol. 76 January 2, 1904 No. 1

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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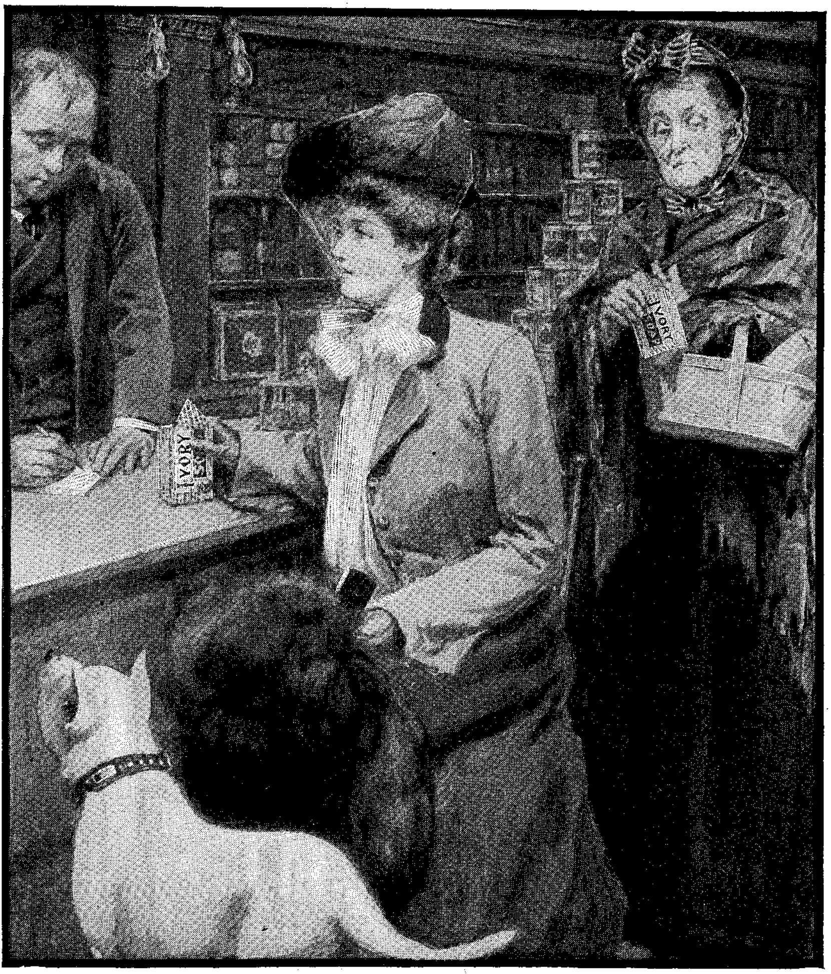

It knows no class distinction.
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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 76 January 2, 1904 No. 1

Russia and Korea For centuries the wave of Russian aggression has been rolling across Asia. It has swallowed up Turkestan, Bokhara, and more and more of Siberia. Now it has practically engulfed the Chinese province of Manchuria and threatens the independent if small empire of Korea. Last week there were disturbances and unrest at Korean ports; and the rebellion of the Tonghaks in the northern part of that country, which may precede another war, calls attention to the fact that a Tonghak rebellion preceded the Chino-Japanese war of 1895. In that war Japan won a succession of the most brilliant victories of modern times. She was entitled by every right to the fruits of her conquest over China, and demanded a strip of mainland for her overflow population. China granted the demand, but Russia prevented Japan's acquirement of the land, and Russia now practically owns it, defying her solemn promise made to the nations to evacuate it. The Chinese province of Manchuria is now as pacified as are some of the districts of Russia proper, but Russia remains in Manchuria, daily more intrenched there than ever, under what seems the specious plea that the province is not pacified enough from the effects of the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, a rebellion which some of the diplomats at Peking openly charged was secretly instigated at many points by Russia herself. However this may be, many Russians doubtless honestly believe in the validity of Russia's excuse, and they argue that Russia has spent altogether too much money in Manchuria not to have her proper return in commercial control, the same control that Japan enjoys in Korea. While Russian commercial and even political pretensions to Manchuria are thus somewhat justified, the world is now dismayed—and Japan in particular—by the assertion of the same pretensions regarding Korea. If these are gratified, there will be nothing left for the hitherto apparently resistless Russian wave of political aggression, moving to the east, to swallow up, but Japan herself. Hence, in resisting Russian aggressions in Korea, the Japanese are contending not only for a perpetuation of a political and commercial domination (but not annexation) there, and also for a territory to accommodate the already evident overflow population; they are contending also for what they believe may be ultimately the existence of the Island Empire itself.

* * *

Russia and Japan In Korea Japan's influence has been dominant for ages, and she proposes that it remain dominant, primarily for her own good, but also for the world's good. For among Russian demands on Korea and Japan, according to uncontradicted reports, may be found opposition to the opening by treaty of the Korean ports of Wiju and Yongampho to international trade, and even an urgent request for the closing of Masampho and Mokphe, two treaty ports now open to international trade—a fact apparently forgotten by Russia when she assures Japan that no Japanese stronghold is needed on the Korean mainland, since Masampho is almost within sight of the Japanese island fortress of Tsushima! Moreover, owing to her splendid strategic position, Japan is always in a position to interrupt communication between the Russian fortresses of Vladivostok on the Siberian coast to the north and Port Arthur on the Liaotung Peninsula to the west. Russian communication between the two must be (1) by land through Manchuria, or (2) by sea entirely around Japan, or (3) between that island empire and Korea through the narrow and very convenient Korean Strait. This Strait, in time of war, would be absolutely held by Japan, particularly if she should shortly complete and control the railway which she is now building from Seoul, the Korean capital, to Fusan on the coast—a harbor and town of commercial importance near Masampho and still nearer than it to the Japanese fortresses on Tsushima Island. The Japanese appreciate the strategic advantages to them of this railway, as is shown in the Cabinet's decision last week to guarantee the principal and interest of a sufficient sum required to complete the road immediately, instead of in 1906, as arranged. The outrageous demands of Russia regarding Wiju, Yongampho, Masampho, and Mokphe indicate a straining of that diplomacy, often regarded as peculiarly astute, which has rarely been disposed to take a step directly leading to an abrupt termination of negotiations with any foreign government. This time-honored and crafty policy in Asia has been to temporize, first, last, and all the time, and the map shows how much Russia has gained by its prosecution. She is ready, we believe, to recede as adroitly as she has advanced. The only question is, Will she now recede in time?

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Japanese Self-Restraint The patient attitude of the Japanese would give the ordinary observer an optimistic impression concerning the outcome of the present crisis. But this feeling is not shared by many diplomats whose knowledge of the present situation entitles their opinion to deferential consideration. They say that, unless Russia concedes Japanese supremacy in Korea, an armed conflict will be precipitated. Sir Ernest Satow, for instance, British Minister to Japan (who has been connected with Asiatic diplomacy for over a quarter of a century, and is a recognized authority on Japanese history and literature), says, as quoted: "Any one who imagines that Japan will not fight for what she conceives to be her greatest interests does not know the Japanese people." This view was borne out by ex-Foreign Minister Kato at the Oriental Association's dinner in Tokyo last week; he declared that, should the Emperor declare war, the nation would be found ready to give him unanimous support. It is now announced that the Japanese Cabinet has drawn a compromise line in the settlement beyond which it will not make concessions. It is understood that the British Ambassadors to the Powers have informed the Governments to which they are accredited that war will result if Russia persists in her present attitude toward Japan, since the latter's position appears now unassailable from every point of view save that of brute force. All lovers of peace will hope that the special representation of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg will have its due weight not only with the Russian Cabinet but with the Czar and with those who are supposed to be his chief advisers—his mother, the Empress Dowager, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael. Meanwhile, at the Japanese military and naval headquarters incessant activity prevails. The transport and other arrangements are now complete. Though the limit of patience has well-nigh been reached, both the Government and people of Japan calmly await the reply from St. Petersburg to their ultimatum. Few nations have ever shown more admirable self-restraint.

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The Result of the Kishenev Trial The trial of thirty-seven Russians accused of murder, or felonious assault, in the anti-Jewish riots at Kishenev in April last, ended Monday, December 22, in the conviction of twenty-five of the prisoners and the acquittal of twelve. Cyril Girchiu and Ivan Moroziuk, who had been found guilty of murder, were sentenced, respectively, to seven and five years of penal servitude, while the rest were condemned to imprisonment at hard labor for terms ranging from six months to two years. Forty-eight civil suits, brought by Jews to recover damages for injuries or losses, were dismissed. It appears from the "act of accusation" drawn up by Procureur Goremykin, the prosecuting officer of the Crown, that on the 19th of last April a thousand or more of the Russian inhabitants of Kishenev, roused to a feeling of indignation against the Jews by false information and inflammatory editorials in the local newspaper "Bessarabets," made a violent and murderous attack upon the whole Hebrew population of the city. This attack, the Procureur says, was unprovoked, and was due mainly to a feeling of class and religious hatred on the part of the orthodox Russians. In the course of the disorder, which lasted three days, the rioters killed 50 Jews and wounded more than 400; looted about 500 Jewish shops and factories; wrecked, more or less completely, 1,508 Jewish houses, and destroyed property that had an estimated value of from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 rubles. These are the latest official figures, as set forth in the indictment. How far has the Russian Government made good its promise that the authors of these outrages should be brought to justice and severely punished? It appears also from the indictment that the number of rioters arrested by the police during and after the disorder was 816. Most of these persons, of course, were active participants in the unprovoked attack. Only thirty-seven of them were finally brought to trial; only twenty-five were convicted; and only two of those found guilty were punished with more than two years of penal servitude. The murderers Girchiu and Moroziuk, who, the Procureur says, chased a number of unarmed Jews across a yard into an outhouse and there beat them to death with clubs, got off with five and seven years of imprisonment, notwithstanding the fact that section 1,455 of the Russian Penal Code provides that "murder committed *without previous deliberation and intention* shall be punished with from *twelve to fifteen years* of penal servitude, or, if there be aggravating circumstances, with *fifteen to twenty years*." The Kishenev court seems to hold that the killing of a Jew by a Russian is a much less heinous offense than the killing of one Russian by another. If Girchiu and Moroziuk had merely "circulated a written or printed work intended to bring the Government of his Imperial Majesty into disrespect," or had "dared in a public place or assembly to speak disrespectfully of the Holy Orthodox Church," they would have been punished much more severely than they are now to be punished for beating inoffensive human beings to death with clubs.

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A Miscarriage of Justice

Owing to the fact that the Kishenev trial took place behind closed doors, the public has no means of knowing the nature of the evidence laid before the court by the Procureur in support of his indictment; but if the statements made by him were sustained by the witnesses whom he named and summoned, the outcome of the proceedings must be regarded as an extraordinary miscarriage of justice. There is also a good deal of evidence to show that the attack on the Jews was not only preconcerted, but actually directed, by men whose social position was much above that of the ignorant muzhiks who were brought to trial. The Procureur expressly states, in his indictment, that "the hostility of the local Christian population to the Jews was largely due to the influence of the newspaper 'Bessarabets,' which had a large circulation; which was regarded as an authority by the clerks, penny-a-liners, and half-cultured people of Bessarabia; and which had been publishing, day after day, a series of bitter anti-Jewish articles. The latest of these articles charged the Jews with the murder of a Christian boy, for ritual purposes, at Dobossar. There is no doubt that such editorials had immense importance, and greatly intensified the hostility of the local Christians toward the Jews." It was clearly shown, moreover, in the course of the preliminary investigation, that the merchant Pranin, the notary Pisarshevsky (who afterward committed suicide), a Government clerk named Shcherban, and several other intimate friends of Krushevan, the editor of the "Bessarabets," planned and preconcerted the attack on the Jews, and had a number of meetings in the "Kronstadt" and "Moscow" restaurants for the purpose of discussing and arranging the details. Some of them even participated, as leaders, in the rioting, and their names are said to have been given to the Procureur by witnesses who knew them and who saw them leading bands of peasants to the attack. Neither Krushevan nor any other instigator of the riot was indicted, and the closing of the doors of the court, by order of the Minister of Justice, seems to give some color of probability to the charge of the free Russian press that the outbreak was permitted, if not encouraged, by the higher authorities; that the inactivity of the local Governor—Von Raaben—was due to knowledge of that fact; and that Baron Levendal, an officer of the secret police, who came to Kishenev just before the riot, was an accessory before the fact, if not actually an agent provocateur. But, be that as it may, there seems to be no doubt whatever that an end might have been put to the rioting on the very first day, if such had been the wish of the higher authorities. Procureur Goremykin states in his indictment (paragraph 7) that the Governor had at his disposal, in the Kishenev garrison, twelve companies of infantry and eight squadrons of cavalry; and it would be absurd to suppose that this force, added to the police of the city, could not have dispersed the rioters in half an hour if it had been brought into action. And yet the disorder was allowed to continue for three days. If the Russian Government wishes to free itself from all suspicion of complicity in such outbreaks as those at Kishenev and Gomel, it must indict and bring to trial the instigators of the riots as well as the rioters; throw open the doors of its courts; and punish governors who, with twelve companies of infantry and eight squadrons of cavalry at command, allow the riffraff of a city to wreck houses and butcher Jews for three consecutive days.

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Governor Taft's Return

The unanimity of approval and even personal affection evidenced at Manila both by the Filipinos and the Americans there on the occasion of Governor Taft's farewell to the Philippines emphasizes the fact that he leaves the islands not only without a blemish of any kind upon the character of his administration, but with the knowledge that he has consistently and urgently forwarded the interests of the people of those islands and encouraged their progress in the first steps leading towards self-government. The address made by Governor Taft, of which as yet we have only imperfect reports, seems to have dwelt, as might be expected, with reiteration on the duties of the Americans in the Philippines rather than on the possibilities of power or profit to be derived from the Philippines. A second speech, delivered at a banquet attended by four hundred prominent Filipinos, contained a warning to desist from longing for absolute independence until, as Governor Taft put it, the schools were filled with children in every village. He declared that on all sides natural forces were working toward the elevation of the Filipinos, that many natives had shown ability and administrative skill in office, and that new offices would be bestowed upon them as fast as they showed capacity. Governor Taft leaves the islands in a much better condition than they were a year ago. Despite the terrible effects of the war and the suffering of agriculture from the cattle pest, and of the people from cholera and from other infectious diseases and from ladronism, there has already been some revival of industry, as indicated by the fact that a million bales of hemp have been produced during the year, while the sugar and tobacco crops have increased, although low prices caused by the unfortunate tariff limitations have offset the gain. Governor Taft once more announced that he would continue to urge a reduction of the tariff by Congress to twenty-five per cent. A modest reference was made in his address to his really great achievement, referred to last week in The Outlook, of the purchase of the friars' lands.

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More Union Excesses in Chicago

Fortunately, the Chicago papers do not confirm the more sensational of last week's despatches about union interference with funerals in Chicago, but they none the less report a shocking situation. The conflict in progress is over a demand of the Livery Drivers' Union that its members shall receive two dollars a day for twelve hours' work, with additional pay for overtime. The Liverymen's and Undertakers' Association has assented to the twelve-hour-day schedule, but refuses to make any advance in present wages, which are twelve dollars a week for seven days' work. The employers' association claims that it cannot afford to advance wages as demanded by the men's union, but the latter point to the fact that their union has just obtained this advance in Boston, and express entire readiness to submit the entire matter to arbitration. Last week, however, public attention was turned from the justice of the union's demands to the methods employed to obtain them. For several days the "Record-Herald," which endeavors to give fair accounts of labor troubles, reported cases in which churches were picketed by the union while funerals were in progress and funeral processions to the grave either prevented by the orders of these pickets or interrupted by mobs until the police cleared the way. The officers of the Liverymen's and Undertakers' Association were quoted in the "Record-Herald" as declaring that the picket system was extended to homes where deaths had occurred, and that some funerals had been held secretly and at night in order to avoid desecration from the unions. Over against these charges, however, the "Record-Herald" published the statements of several union officials denying that the unions were interfering with funerals or picketing houses where deaths had occurred, and charging that members of the employers' association had stopped hearses for the purpose of gaining public sympathy. No one of the eighteen hundred strikers, the unionists claimed, had been arrested, though the police force of Chicago, with universal approval, had been put at the command of those conducting funerals. It is impossible to harmonize the conflicting statements of the warring associations, but it is probable that members of both organizations and union sympathizers have committed acts which neither organization, even in the heat of conflict, could for a moment approve. The unanimity and vehemence with which public sentiment in Chicago condemn the carrying of labor warfare into the presence of death are evidence of the rising tide of public indignation against the excesses committed by lawless organizations.

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Damages Awarded for Mob Violence

Laws were passed in several States a few years ago to prevent lynching, by holding the public responsible for mob violence to persons just as it has long been held responsible for mob violence to property. There was some doubt whether these laws could be effectively enforced; the results are proving that they are not ineffective. Not long since the Cleveland, Ohio, "Gazette"—a negro journal—reported two cases in which Ohio counties had been compelled to pay damages for lawless acts committed by mobs against colored men, which acts, it may be said, would have been prevented if the local public had discharged its plain duties. One of these cases was that of Charles W. Mitchell, who was lynched by a mob for an alleged assault which it now seems was never committed, either by Mitchell or any one else. When the heirs of Mitchell tried to collect damages, says the "Gazette," the law holding the county responsible for the preservation of order was declared unconstitutional by a lower court, but the Supreme Court reversed this decision and required the county to pay not only the $5,000 damages for which suit had been brought, but court costs amounting to as much more. Following this report from Ohio, we find in one of our Southern exchanges, the Charleston "News and Courier," an account of a decision of the Supreme Court of Louisiana awarding $5,000 damages to each of three victims of mob law in Winn County or "parish." These three men, it seems, were suspected of having set fire to several business houses in the town of Dodson, and a committee of thirty was formed, not to prosecute them in the courts, but to punish them without trial. The desire of individuals to take the law into their own hands, and the readiness of the local public to permit its own functions to be thus usurped, can both be lessened if to the promptings of an awakened conscience are added those of a depleted purse.

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The Performance of "Parsifal" The production of Wagner's "Parsifal" in New York on Christmas Eve was a great test of the genuine artistic spirit of the people who attended. That the "festival play," as it is called, would be presented with skill, almost with perfection of technical detail, was practically assured from the first; but whether it would degenerate into an ordinary operatic performance or be, as it always has been at Bayreuth, rather an artistic celebration befitting the religious character of the work, was to be determined by the way in which the audience should receive it. It is gratifying to record that the audience honored themselves by supplying that atmosphere of quiet seriousness that is as essential to a proper presentation of the work as the stage pictures or the music. That this was so is a testimonial to the spirit with which Mr. Conried, to whose skillful management America owes this production, carried out his plans. Shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon the Metropolitan Opera-House was practically filled. The lights were then extinguished. Except for the dim electric lamps of the ushers, which gleamed here and there like will-o'-the-wisps, the house was left in black darkness. Three times out in the foyer trumpeters sounded a motive from the music of the drama. Then, in absolute silence, the prelude began. No mere curiosity can explain the quiet and eager attention which those thousands gave to the music and the dramatic portrayal of sin and suffering confronted with guilelessness. When, at the end of the first act, which closes with the knights at the love-feast in the presence of the Holy Grail, as the parted curtain drooped and hid the stage, a few people of the sort that lack all sensibility began their handclapping, the rest of the audience instantly hushed the applause. At the end of the second act, which lacks the restraining solemnity of the first, the enthusiasm of the people broke loose, and singers, conductor, and managers received a deserved ovation. The last act, with its beautiful music of the Good Friday spell and the religious impressiveness of its closing scene in the temple, was received with much the same spirit as the first act had been. Evidently, by the mode of presentation and the attitude of the auditors, a good tradition has been established, which, it is to be hoped, will be more firmly fixed with every repetition of "Parsifal." This one production is enough to prove that "Parsifal," which for its artistic effect requires almost perfect adjustment of its intricate music, its elemental dramatic personifications, and its elaborate stage effects to one another, need no longer be confined to one German municipality, and that in a building customarily used for the production of all sorts of operas it can still be appreciated in accordance with its own unique standards. Too high praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Conried, and to Mr. Hertz, the conductor, to the singers, and to other coadjutors for their obviously high purposes as well as for their splendid success.

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Religion and Art in "Parsifal" To those who regard all drama merely as a form of amusement, the introduction of a religious theme into a drama seems wholly out of place; to such, therefore, not only certain scenes but indeed the whole argument of "Parsifal" is indefensible. And to those who regard religion as something to be treated only in dogmatic form or by conventional ritual, the portrayal of religious emotion in a work that is as essentially æsthetic as "Parsifal" must be like a travesty. But to those who regard the drama as one of the great arts, like painting or poetry, and to those who regard religion as an attitude of mind capable of highest æsthetic interpretation, "Parsifal," as produced in New York, is as congruous, we do not say as great, as Milton's "Paradise Lost" or Raphael's "Transfiguration." Whether the effect upon the auditor is religious or æsthetic depends upon the temperament of the auditor in the case of the drama, as it does upon the reader or spectator in the case of the poem or the picture. Musically, "Parsifal" has more sanity, balance, and restraint than any other of Wagner's works except "Die Meistersinger." Those who regard "Tristan and Isolde" as the type of Wagner's art find the music of "Parsifal" impotent and disappointing. Such critics, however, are like those who find good food tasteless because of their over-indulgence in spices. "Parsifal," moreover, cannot be placed in the same category with operas, or even exactly with Wagner's other works, for more than even the "Nibelungen Ring" it must be judged not by its music, alone or in conjunction with its dramatic construction, but by the union of all the arts which Wagner included in his conception of the work.

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Church Attendance in New York City

The recent reports of the Federation of Churches and of the Church News Association give a new idea of the church affiliations and a clear idea of the church attendance of the people of New York City. According to the census of the Federation, about six hundred thousand people in New York are Hebrews, sixteen hundred thousand are Protestants, and only twelve hundred thousand are Roman Catholics. These figures for Protestants and Roman Catholics are so surprising as to occasion some doubt as to their accuracy, for the number of Roman Catholic communicants in New York City exceeds the number of Protestant communicants three to one (983,000 Roman Catholics to 331,000 Protestants). Of course every one knows that the term communicant in the Roman Catholic Church includes all nominal Roman Catholics who have passed the early age of confirmation, while among Protestants it includes a much smaller part of most families. Yet, according to the National census, the whole non Roman Catholic population is less than four times the number of Protestant communicants, and we should not from this expect that the number of nominal Protestants would at all exceed the number of nominal Roman Catholics. The excess of Protestants reported by the Federation canvassers suggests the view that non-religious Roman Catholic immigrants when they become Americanized often prefer to be classed as Protestants. This does not hold true at all of the Irish, but among the immigrants from Germany those classed as Roman Catholics by the Federation canvassers are less than one-fourth as numerous as the Protestants, though in Germany the Roman Catholic population is more than half as great as the Protestant. But these gains to nominal Protestantism are not gains to real Protestantism. On the contrary, the Federation estimates that the number of churchless "Protestants" is nearly five hundred thousand, while the number of "churchless Roman Catholics" is a little over two hundred thousand. The recent census of church attendance taken by the Church News Association is even less favorable to the strength of Protestantism. The number of Roman Catholics attending service on Sunday in nearly every great district canvassed is fully twice as great as the number of Protestants. Of those in attendance only twenty-five per cent. of the Roman Catholics and thirty-two per cent. of the Protestants were men. We add that the census appears to have been taken with care and there is no ground for questioning its substantial accuracy.

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The Significance of the Census

The question in what form of institutional religion the population of the metropolis is interested is less important than the question how large a proportion of the population is interested in any form. On this question the statistics of the recent census are for two reasons unsatisfactory. In the first place, the census takes account only of Sunday attendance on church. But there are, it appears, six hundred thousand Hebrews, who, if they attend religious service at all, presumptively attend it on Saturday. The census of the Church News Association takes no account of this synagogue attendance. Moreover, about one-quarter of the entire population of the city are children of school age, and for the most part children of school age find their institution of religion in the Sunday-school, not in the church; and no census was taken of the attendance in the Sunday-schools. Making allowance for these facts, the figures show that nearly one-half of the entire adult population, exclusive of Jews, attend some Christian service on Sunday. It is true that in this census those who attend two services on Sunday are counted twice; but then those who attend service more or less regularly, but not every Sunday, are, to a certain indefinable extent, omitted from the count. To us the result of this census is surprisingly encouraging and still more surprisingly significant. New York City is the Corinth of America. It is nothing if not commercial. Its apparent measure of success is the dollar mark. To the question, What is any man worth? it answers in terms of dollars. It is as a city given up to this world, with very little apparent concern for the other. The fears of the future which used to drive men to church, upon large classes of the population operate no longer. Social considerations are less effective than they used to be; for it is entirely respectable not to go to church. The musical, artistic, and oratorical attractions of the churches are not extraordinary. There is no Bossuet, nor Whitefield, nor Beecher, nor Brooks to draw great crowds. There are considerable sections of the population, such as hotel-keepers, waiters, servants in the great hotels, conductors and motormen, trainmen, and the like, to whom regular church attendance is almost impossible. There are probably considerable numbers of men and women who are governed by the higher moral considerations, if not devout in their aspirations and experiences, who go to church very irregularly if at all, because they get little help in their life from the churches as the churches are constituted. That, under these circumstances, nearly one-half of the adult population are to be found in church every Sunday, furnishes a remarkable testimony to the power of the religious sentiment, and suggests the splendid opportunity which the Christian clergy possess, if they did but realize it, to minister to the higher life of the metropolis. That only a quarter of the attendants in Roman Catholic churches and less than one-third in Protestant churches are men, also suggests that the ministers need to consider how they can make their ministry more manly in its appeal.

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Brooke Herford The Rev. Brooke Herford, who died in England last week, was as well known in America as in that country. He was one of the foremost Unitarian preachers and writers of his time. Born in Manchester in 1830, trained for a business career, his instincts and inclinations drew him strongly toward the ministry, and, after a course of study at Manchester New College, a Unitarian institution now removed to Oxford, he entered upon his work as a Unitarian pastor, holding several pastorates in the country districts of England. In 1875 Dr. Herford came to America, and in the following year accepted the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, in Chicago. In 1882 he exchanged his work in Chicago for the pastorate of the Arlington Street Church in Boston, where he made many friends. Later he returned to England to accept the call of the Rosslyn Hill Chapel, London. He was an unusually interesting preacher, incisive and suggestive, with command of an admirable sermonic style. His sincerity and directness are evidenced by a comment said to have been made by an undergraduate in an American university at a time when Dr. Herford was conducting chapel service: "A fellow does not always agree with what Dr. Herford says, but he always works better after hearing Dr. Herford say it." Dr. Herford was an active writer as well as a preacher, beginning his literary work when he was still a young man as the editor of "The Constitution," an English monthly periodical started soon after he left college. This was followed in turn by the editorship of "The Teacher's Journal," and by the publication of "Sunday Parables from Sheffield Work," a collection of eight lectures delivered in Sheffield in 1869. Dr. Herford was also largely instrumental in establishing the "Unitarian Herald," a weekly organ of English Unitarianism, with which he kept up active connection for fifteen years. He completed "Baine's County History of Lancastershire," and he also wrote "The History of Religion in England," which promises to be the book by which he will be longest remembered.

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An Experiment in Journalism

An unusual experiment in Sunday journalism is being tried in Redlands, a thriving little city on the edge of the Mojave Desert in Southern California. The editor of the morning paper has suspended his Monday edition, and is issuing in its place a Sunday one. As the main reason for the change, he asserts that a Monday paper represents Sunday's work, a Sunday paper Saturday's. The editor proves this mathematically, so far as it relates to his paper. Then he goes on to say, "One great objection to a Sunday paper has always been that, by having a secular paper come into the house on Sunday morning, the thoughts of the household are to a certain extent taken off the things appropriate to the day. We believe that with the 'Review' this will not be so. A department has been planned that will give the International Sunday-School lesson, notes on the Christian Endeavor topic and on the Epworth League topic, together with such general religious items as shall make the reading of the Sunday paper a help to worship on Sunday rather than a hindrance." These departments and an installment of Ralph Connor's "The Sky Pilot" make up the "Sunday features." Otherwise the Sunday issue is similar to the five week-day issues. Redlands, the field of this journalistic experiment, supplies out of its eight thousand inhabitants the membership of thirteen religious societies of differing creeds. A Presbyterian evangelist held a union service in the Methodist church, under entirely normal conditions, and one-quarter of the total population of the city was there to hear. Redlands is assertively moral. "No saloons, and never will be," is its unofficial motto, and no one doubts the truth of what the motto tries to say. Naturally, there was curiosity as to the reception a Sunday paper would meet. On the morning of the paper's first appearance one minister expressed, from his pulpit, his great regret, and happened to take as the basis of his criticism the very two points which the editor in his opening article had attempted to answer. There has been no other public criticism. At first there was a little grumbling from the man on the street, not at the appearance of the Sunday paper, but at the disappearance of the Monday one. Now, after two months, Redlands apparently takes the one and goes without the other, pretty much as a matter of course.

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The New Orleans Celebration

The centennial celebration of the transfer of Louisiana to the United States was a unique festivity, entirely characteristic of the city and extremely well arranged both from the historic and the pictorial point of view. It was a kind of poetic prelude to the more permanent commemoration which will be made at St. Louis next summer. It deserves special attention because it was an attempt to seize and reproduce the salient and significant features of a great transaction with historical feeling for their values and artistic feeling for their charm. New Orleans is one of the most individual of American cities. The large infusion of the French element, the history of the city and its situation, have all combined to give it a character and atmosphere of its own. Its commemoration of the transfer of the great territory of which it was at the time the first city and of which it still remains one of the first cities was quite in keeping with its traditions and its spirit. The commercial element was practically eliminated; the element of sentiment was practically dominant. The celebration began in the harbor, where there was a notable collection of war-ships representing many different nations, the stars and stripes, the tricolor of France, and the yellow and red emblem of Spain holding foremost places, while the cross of St. George, the Irish harp, the Japanese dragon, the Maltese cross of Italy, the star and crescent of Turkey, and the arms of Germany, Russia, and Austria were not absent. The chief function of the day was the formal gathering of the guests of the State, with the Governor at their head, and their reception by the Mayor and executive officers of the city, the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, being one of the most interesting figures of the day. The Colonial Museum was opened, and a commemorative meeting held in front of the Cabildo, followed by a review by the Governor at the same place. In the evening the most picturesque and characteristic feature of the whole celebration, the historical ball, was witnessed by a great crowd of people. This charming function, arranged for by a city which understands all the arts of social intercourse, was planned under the direction of Miss Grace King, and its chief feature was the appearance of the guests of the occasion in the costume of the Consulate and the Empire, the period of the transfer of the territory, the old lace and the beautiful old gowns being relieved by the brilliant uniforms of diplomatists and army and navy officers.

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Addresses and Services

The formal expression of the spirit of the occasion was found in the addresses which were made on Saturday by representatives of France, Spain, and the United States. The address of the representative of Spain was peculiarly cordial and gracious. Admiral Wise, who spoke on behalf of the United States, made a sailor's speech, brief, sharp, and to the point. President Francis, of the St. Louis World's Fair, was very warmly received. In interpreting the significance of the great event commemorated by the celebration, he was specially happy in his appreciation of the preliminary observances commemorative of the great event of the transfer of Louisiana. The interest in the celebration reached high-water mark on Sunday, when the exercises began with pontifical mass in the old St. Louis Cathedral, built while the Spaniards were still in possession of Louisiana, which was richly decorated for the service and crowded with a highly representative audience. A well-known Jesuit preacher, Father La Moriniere, delivered a sermon in which he eloquently identified the Roman Catholic Church with the history of the early settlement of Louisiana, and emphasized the closeness of the relation between the Church and the State. Archbishop Chapelle spoke very briefly in French. The musical programme was elaborate. At the close of the service in the Cathedral, the day being the one hundredth anniversary of the actual date of the transfer of the territory, there was reproduced in the Cabildo a replica of the scenes and events of a century ago. The audience in the old Spanish council chamber included the French Ambassador, the Spanish Consul, President Francis, of the St. Louis Exposition, and a large representation of the officers of the State and the city. The Continental Guards, in buff and blue, escorted the grandsons of the former American Commissioners on the occasion of the transfer. The treaty of session, the powers of the Commissioners, the declaration placing the Americans in possession, were read, the keys of the city were delivered, and the proclamation of the American Governor read also. At the conclusion the American flag was formally raised, the Cathedral bells rung, as a century ago, and a salute was fired from the levee. The commemoration was brilliantly successful from every point of view.

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Light on the Way

The New Year finds men and women everywhere patiently or impatiently bearing heavy burdens and facing great uncertainties of fortune. It finds many more who are either accepting or rebelling against limitations of situation and condition; it finds everywhere the presence of those austere teachers—care, grief, and the necessity for work. These great teachers, to whom all the race has gone to school since the beginning of time, wear veils over their faces; but so imperative are they, so inexorable and of such commanding attitude, that most men have come to think of them as taskmasters rather than friends; as those who drive and scourge and command, rather than those who are seeking the best, and who, in the final unveiling, will reveal the faces of the truest because the most stimulating friends; for, as Emerson said with characteristic insight, "Our friends are those who make us do what we can." They serve us best who do not flatter, but who make us aware of our real condition, whose influence is to make us dissatisfied rather than satisfied with ourselves, and who will not suffer us to fall short of the highest of which we are capable. It is this divine element in the education of men, in all the great relations of life and under all its conditions, that makes living so difficult; for the greatness of the art or the knowledge of which one is trying to secure command is always measured by the severity of the education, and the final destiny of all who strive and bear and climb is evidenced by the severity of their training. The man who has to do an easy bit of mechanical work learns to do it in a week, but Michaelangelo, Dante, and Beethoven must serve long years of apprenticeship before the final skill comes.

The shaping of a soul requires processes more prolonged, methods more severe, tools at once more delicate and finely tempered than the shaping of the most exquisite or the most glorious piece of art ever made by the hands of men. The highest reach of art is the full expression of some experience, emotion, hope, or thought of the human soul; the highest that an artist can attain is to convey, by a few symbols, some sense of what is going on in the life of a human spirit. To shape this spirit, to give it its direction, to mold it to its highest uses, to bring it to mastery and power and freedom, is, therefore, a far more difficult matter than the training of any artist, however great, or the unfolding of any art, however glorious. This is what the school of life achieves; and because its tasks are heavy, its textbooks difficult to master, its discipline severe sometimes to the point of agony, they who bear and learn and grow may take from the very severity of their training the promise and the expectation of a development which in its range, its resources, and the influences of beauty and of peace which it will command, travels far beyond the vision of the most audacious hope.

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The Case of General Wood

While the Senate Committee has been conducting the investigation into the charges against General Wood we have not discussed these charges; we have simply defined them. The investigation is now practically closed and the report of the Senate Committee may probably be expected early in January. We do not think it necessary to await the Committee's report, but propose in this article to anticipate it with our own. We cannot, it is true, give our readers the evidence laid before the Committee; by the very terms of the inquiry that evidence can be made public only with the Committee's report. But by personal interviews and by an examination of official letters and documentary evidence we have ascertained the facts substantially as they have been placed before the investigating Committee, and we here give those facts with our own judgment of the proposed promotion of General Wood and of the character of the opposition to it.

The opponents of General Wood and the critics of his promotion make the following allegations against his record and his character: That he never had any real military experience, but was merely a regimental doctor. That he performed no military services of distinctive and special merit in the Cuban campaign. That he was appointed Brigadier-General through personal and political influence, chiefly because he was a favorite physician of President McKinley. That, while it is true that he made a good administrator as Governor of Santiago in Cuba, he won his place as Governor-General of the island through intrigue and through undermining the authority and standing of his superiors. That there are letters in existence which passed between him and Major Runcie showing that he connived with Runcie to attack General Brooke and then meanly abandoned Runcie. That he put his relatives in positions of financial profit in

Cuba. That he is open to the suspicion of making financial profit himself—for instance, that he granted a concession to the Jai Alai Company for a material if not for a corrupt consideration, indicated by the gift of an expensive silver service—the said company being a notorious and infamous gambling establishment. That he is now being promoted to the Major-Generalship over the heads of other officers and out of his turn because he is the President's personal friend, and, as a Pittsburg paper puts it, "he is a good single-stick player." And, finally, that he has gone off to the Philippines to "lie low" until the affair blows over, and that he will not come back to face the charges, although certain Senators are anxious to give him an opportunity to clear himself of these charges, which are now accumulating with such force that they reflect disgrace not only on the Administration, but on the American army.

Such are the charges; what are the facts?

General Wood, whom the "Evening Post" of New York City calls a "doctor-general," is, it is true, an army surgeon of high reputation and with a fine professional record, but he is more; he has had a notable and active military experience of seventeen years. He served as a line officer in command of troops during some of the famous Indian wars of the frontier, and the official records show that General Miles, General Lawton, General Graham, General Forsyth, General Wheeler, and General Shafter have given him the highest commendation as a military officer. General Forsyth speaks of him as "having the ability, experience, and courage requisite to make him one of the best and safest colonels in the army;" General Miles characterizes him as "one of the most enterprising, intelligent, and fearless officers in the service;" General Lawton says, concerning the pursuit of Geronimo, when Dr. Wood assumed command of a battalion after it had lost its last officer, that "it was mainly due to Captain Wood's loyalty and resolution that the expedition was successful." After the Cuban campaign, in which he served as Colonel, although in the San Juan fight he commanded a brigade, General Young commended his "magnificent behavior in the field;" General Wheeler testified to his "courage and skill;" and General Shafter recommended him for promotion to the Brigadier-Generalship. It is these military recommendations, which are matters of record, that led President McKinley to make General Wood a Brigadier-General of the regular army three years ago next February. His subsequent record as Governor of Santiago won the approval, not only of his superior officers, but of the entire country, as the official records and the newspaper comment of the time conclusively show. He was promoted to be Governor-General of Cuba by the War Department after a careful examination of his qualifications and his achievements, and solely upon that record. He had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the decision of the War Department to relieve General Brooke as Governor-General of Cuba. When he was relieved, the choice for successor lay between General Ludlow and General Wood. One had done excellent work at Havana, the other at Santiago. The choice of General Wood was not made by the President, nor on his suggestion, nor on that of General Wood, nor did General Wood bring any influence to bear to secure it. It was made at the instance of Secretary Root, who at that time had no personal intimacy with General Wood, but knew him in his official capacity only. It is true that Major Runcie wrote an article critical of General Brooke's administration, and that the article was published in the "North American Review," and that prior thereto Major Runcie and General Wood had been friends; but General Wood never saw the article, never knew what was in it, and had no part in producing it. Major Runcie had no connection with the Government of Cuba except that he was a member of several commissions engaged in revising the laws. There are no letters indicating that General Wood connived with Major Runcie in any endeavor to undermine General Brooke. In fact, General Wood was appointed Governor-General December 13, 1899, and the article in the "North

American Review" did not appear until February, 1900.

It is not true that General Wood put his relatives in positions of financial profit in Cuba. He once interfered with the ordinary course of procedure, but only to prevent relatives from obtaining such a position. One or more of his brothers-in-law went into a company for furnishing crushed stone for road-making in Havana, and that company had a contract with the engineer in charge of road construction. General Wood sent for this engineer at the time, and told him that he wished no favor shown to his relatives and no contract given to them which could possibly under the law be given to any one else. They received one contract on terms more advantageous to the Government than any one else was willing to make, made no profit out of it, and failed in business.

The Jai Alai Company is not a gambling concern. It is a company which maintains a game of skill belonging to the same class as our game of rackets. This game, which is one of the national games of Spain, requires a large and expensive building. General Wood, who is an athlete, used to play it early every morning with his aids. He did not grant the company any concessions. The company came to General Wood for his formal approval of the contract by which the city of Havana in 1898, before the American occupation, had permitted the company to erect its building on land belonging to and formally leased by the municipality. This lease defined the rules and regulations under which the game was to be played. Under instructions from the War Department, and therefore in obedience to his superiors, General Wood approved the lease. The approval was based upon the fact that under the law the city had the legal right to make such a lease. He simply complied with the directions of the War Department in according to the city of Havana legal rights to which, according to the legal advice of the War Department, the city was entitled. It is true that at the public and professional games of Jai Alai there were legalized betting and pool-selling, as there are at the race-tracks in this country. It has been said that General Wood should have stopped this pool-selling. Such a prohibition was discussed by the authorities. The American Government had already stopped lotteries and bull-fights and cock-fights, and had been obliged to take severe measures to enforce this prohibition. There was great dissatisfaction among the Spaniards and Cubans over what had been done in this respect, and it was expressed by many remonstrances and petitions. It was believed by the War Department, and concurred in by General Wood, that the American Government had gone as far in enforcing the ideas of an Anglo-Saxon community upon these Spanish-Americans as it was wise or just to do, in view of the fact that the American occupation was temporary and that the Cubans were already restive under the restraints of alien rule. We think that in this decision both he and the War Department were right. The limits within which one community may enforce its moral standards upon another subject community are very soon reached. But, whether right or wrong, it is clear that the responsibility for this decision rests primarily with the War Department, not with General Wood.

The charge that the gift of silver was offered as a bribe to General Wood can hardly be taken seriously. It was given long after the act of the War Department ratifying the lease by the city of Havana to the Jai Alai Company, and just as General Wood was leaving the city and the island at the close of the American occupation. The approach of their longed-for independence filled the people of Cuba with joy and gratitude towards those who had brought it about. Many Cuban citizens individually expressed their feeling by bringing gifts to General Wood and his family upon their departure. The people actually accompanied them to the water's edge with cheers and affectionate farewells. Among the gifts which were brought in this condition of public enthusiasm was one from the gentlemen who composed the Jai Alai Company. It was a service of silver—practically useless for an army officer, and rather a burden to pay storage upon. General

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Wood never heard of the testimonial until the day before that on which he was notified to attend the banquet. To talk about this being a bribe is absurd; bribes are not given in that way, nor in that form, nor to such men.

The charges against General Wood he has promptly met, where alone they could with propriety or dignity be met, by giving full information to the War Department. It is, we think, revealing no secret to say that the Military Committee has his statement before it, although this statement is not one of the things that have "leaked" out of the Committee room. He has met frankly and definitely, and to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers, all the charges preferred against him. Then he has gone about his work as a loyal officer should. He has been sent by the President to fill the very difficult dual position of military commander and civil governor in the Sulu Archipelago. This is one of the most trying executive positions in the administration of the Philippine Islands, and he was selected for this post because of his previous record. We may add that his present record is now sustaining the wisdom of the War Department in choosing him for the place.

Such are the facts. The only question the fair-minded reader has to consider is whether these facts would justify the President in refusing to nominate General Wood to a Major-Generalship in the regular order of seniority. For his present nomination is not made by the special and extraordinary act of President Roosevelt, but is in accordance with military routine and the automatic operation of promotion regulations. If General Wood is not now promoted, in order that any promotions may be made, some other officer will have to be "jumped over" his head. The President, therefore, instead of showing favoritism in army promotions, is actually refraining from doing the very thing of which his misinformed critics are now accusing him. It is objected to such nomination that it will put a comparatively young man over his seniors in age, office, and experience. Is this a sound objection? Ought seniority in age, office, and experience to determine promotions to the higher ranks of office in the army?

In his letter of November 18 to the Hon. Redfield Proctor, Chairman of the Senate Committee, Secretary Root puts, with his accustomed clearness, the principle which, in his judgment, should determine promotion in the army. We quote but two sentences from his statement:

> An army all of whose general officers are selected for the purpose of conferring rewards, and thus having at its head a constantly shifting body of general officers, none of whom has more than a very few years to serve, and all, or nearly all, of whom are just closing their careers and resting upon their laurels, cannot possibly reach the highest standard of efficiency. To have a live army, which keeps abreast of the times, in a constant state of preparation and ready to meet emergencies with the greatest activity and force, we must have a reasonable proportion of its general officers selected from the men in the prime of life, with careers to make, with ambition, energy, initiative, and whose service will be long enough to maintain continuity of policy and sustained effort in working out ideas which require time for their accomplishment.

Promotion should not be merely a reward for service rendered; it should rather be an opportunity to render future service. It should therefore be given, in the higher ranks, to ability. And neither age nor experience are guarantees of ability. Napoleon at twenty-seven years of age won his first Italian campaign against the Austrian Alvinczy, who had received his command because of his age and experience. Italy three years later was lost to France because Napoleon was in Egypt and the French army was commanded by Schérer, whose only qualification for commanding was age and experience. Hannibal crossed the Alps at twenty-nine; Cromwell was made Commander-in-chief of the Puritan forces at fifty-one; Napoleon was summoned to command in order to save France at thirty; Washington took command of the Colonial forces at forty-three; Grant was made Lieutenant General at forty-two. In all these cases other and older men were passed by; age and experience were subordinated to ability. Whether General Wood has the ability which entitles him to command is a question which the country must necessarily leave to the Commander-in-chief of the Army, that is, the President of the United States, and the Secretary of War. Questions of promotion cannot be determined by universal suffrage. The President *may* make mistakes, but popular clamor is *sure* to make them. If universal suffrage determined military positions, Grant would have been removed from command in the midst of the Vicksburg campaign.

Upon this statement of facts—and we believe that our readers may absolutely rely upon its accuracy—and upon this principle—which we believe history abundantly justifies—The Outlook founds its belief that the charges against General Wood are without a shadow of justification, and that his promotion to be a Major-General should be confirmed by the Senate and will be approved by the people of the United States.

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Letters to a Minister

The Sermon

The sermon differs from a lecture in this: the lecture has for its object the impartation of instruction or information; the sermon has for its object the impartation of life. A minister goes into the pulpit on a Sunday morning and takes for his text, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God," and then he proceeds to take twenty-five minutes to explain to the congregation the difference between the first Isaiah and the second Isaiah, and to explain why he thinks this was written by a second Isaiah, or by a Great Unknown; he gives the philological argument, and the historical argument, and the theological argument, and all the rest of the arguments that he has been getting at the theological seminary, and at the end he says, "You ought to be comforted." The poor mother who has been working all day and all week, with troublesome children, with a sick husband, with much to do and little to do it with, is there—and she is not comforted; and she would not come again the next Sunday if she did not have a New England conscience. Another minister reads the same text; then he pictures the time of the Babylonian captivity; the condition of Israel under punishment for their sins; the crushing burdens which rested upon them, and the remorse which tortured them; he shows that the captivity was the result of their own fault, that God had visited it upon them as a punishment; and he says, notwithstanding these facts, though the burdens were as great as they were, though the sin was as great as it was, though the remorse of their own conscience added poignancy to their grief, still the message of the gospel was, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." And the woman goes home saying, "If God can save such people as that, I think it is worth while for me to live a little longer and do what I can in the world."

Christ has given us our commission in two familiar passages. The first is that in Matthew xxviii. 18–20: "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

This is what we have to do—to bring men into the condition of loyalty to God through Jesus Christ his Son; and then, when we have brought them into that condition of loyalty to God through Jesus Christ his Son, to open up to them the instructions of Jesus Christ and teach them what those instructions mean in all their application to the varied circumstances of this present life.

The second is in John xx. 21–23: "Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained."

This is our mission. It is to take the spirit that God laid on Christ, and to carry that spirit to our congregations. It is to go to them and remit their sins, lift off the burden of their transgressions, impart to them newness of life, set their feet free from the net in which they have entangled themselves, wipe away the tears from their eyes, tell them their Lazarus has risen from the dead. It is to live our life in our little parish as Christ lived his life in his.

And Paul has defined our mission for us: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

The world is like one of those great glaciers, split by great crevasses in a hundred places. What shall unite it? What shall bring the warring sects together into one Church of Christ? What shall bring rich and poor together in one brotherhood of man? What shall bring Indian and Negro and Anglo-Saxon and Hungarian and Italian and Swede and Irishman into one great fellowship? What?—a unity of faith in the Son of God. I remember a figure; years ago I heard it from Professor Mitchell. The planets have left the sun and have wandered off one after another into space; they are going into darkness, and into winter, and into death. How shall these wandering planets be brought into harmony? How shall they be made again to swing around the circle in their respective orbits? How shall they be made to work together for a common end? How shall they be made again to sing the song which they sang in their first birth? Bring them back to the central sun. Then there will be the harmony between the planets, then there will be the light and life of summer in them.

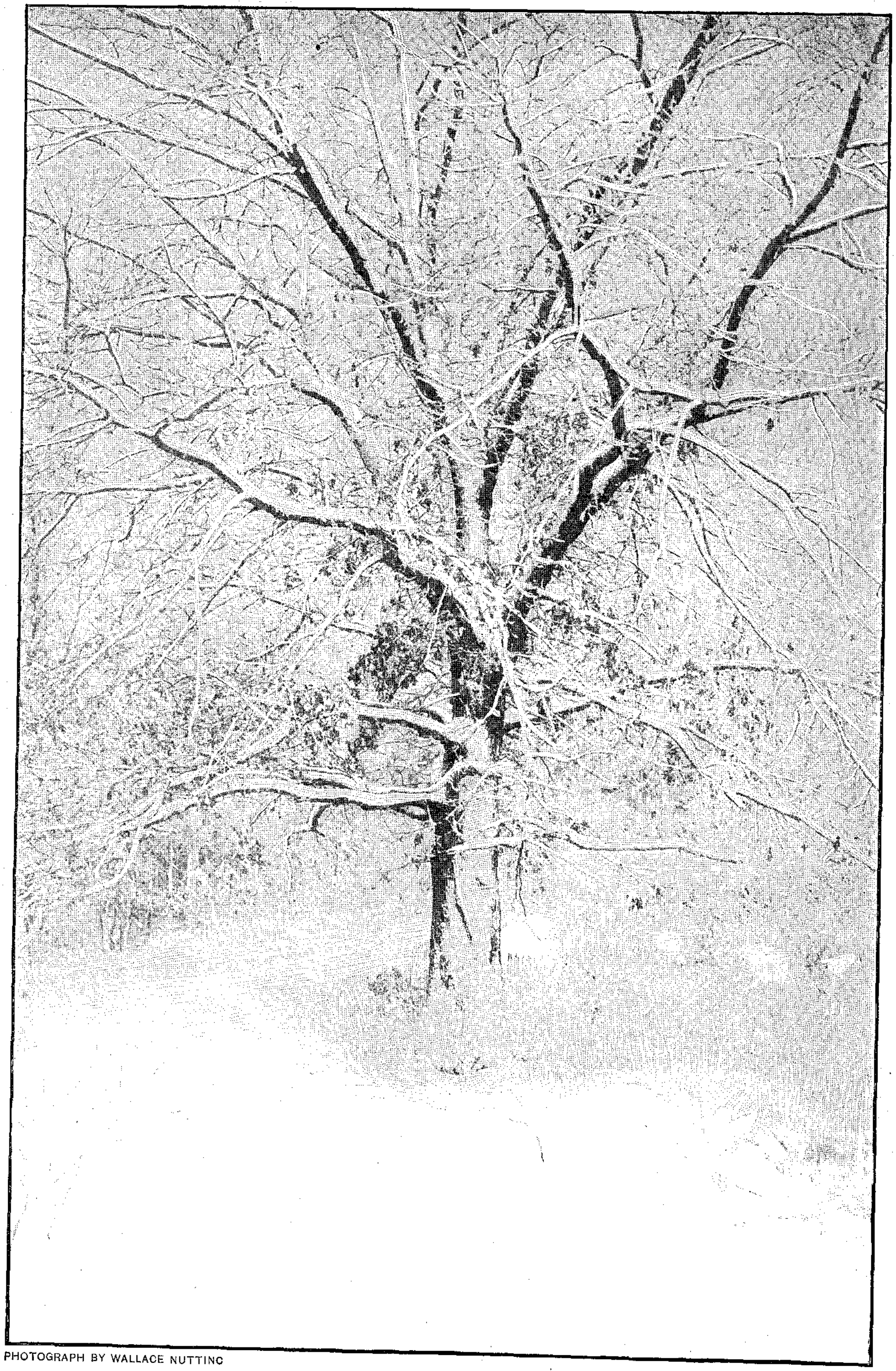
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." It is not our function, primarily, to prepare men for death; it is primarily our function to bring men back to God in order that we may bring them to one another; to teach them how to live loyally to God and so loyally to themselves and to their fellow-men; it is to bring about the brotherhood of man on the earth by bringing about the recognition of the fatherhood of God in heaven. This is our function. And all institutionalism in the church, and all dealing with current questions in the press, and all instruction in political duties, and all artistic quality in our sermons, and all teaching of theology and Biblical criticism, and all our social fellowship and friendship, are to be subservient to that one thing—the baptizing of men into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the teaching of men what it is that Christ asks them to do, the remitting of their sins, the developing in them of the spirit of Christ, until we all come in the unity of the faith unto a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus.

L. A.

January

By Sara Andrew Shafer

The cold sky bends in a solemn bow
Over a world of stainless snow.
In chill brown lines the hedges creep
Past sheltered farms to forests deep.
The steel-blue ice, windswept and clear,
Covers the breast of the lonely mere.
In cedar thickets the blue jays scold,
While snowbirds whirl through the bitter cold;
  And tiny, timid, hasty print
  On white drift gives of hares a hint.



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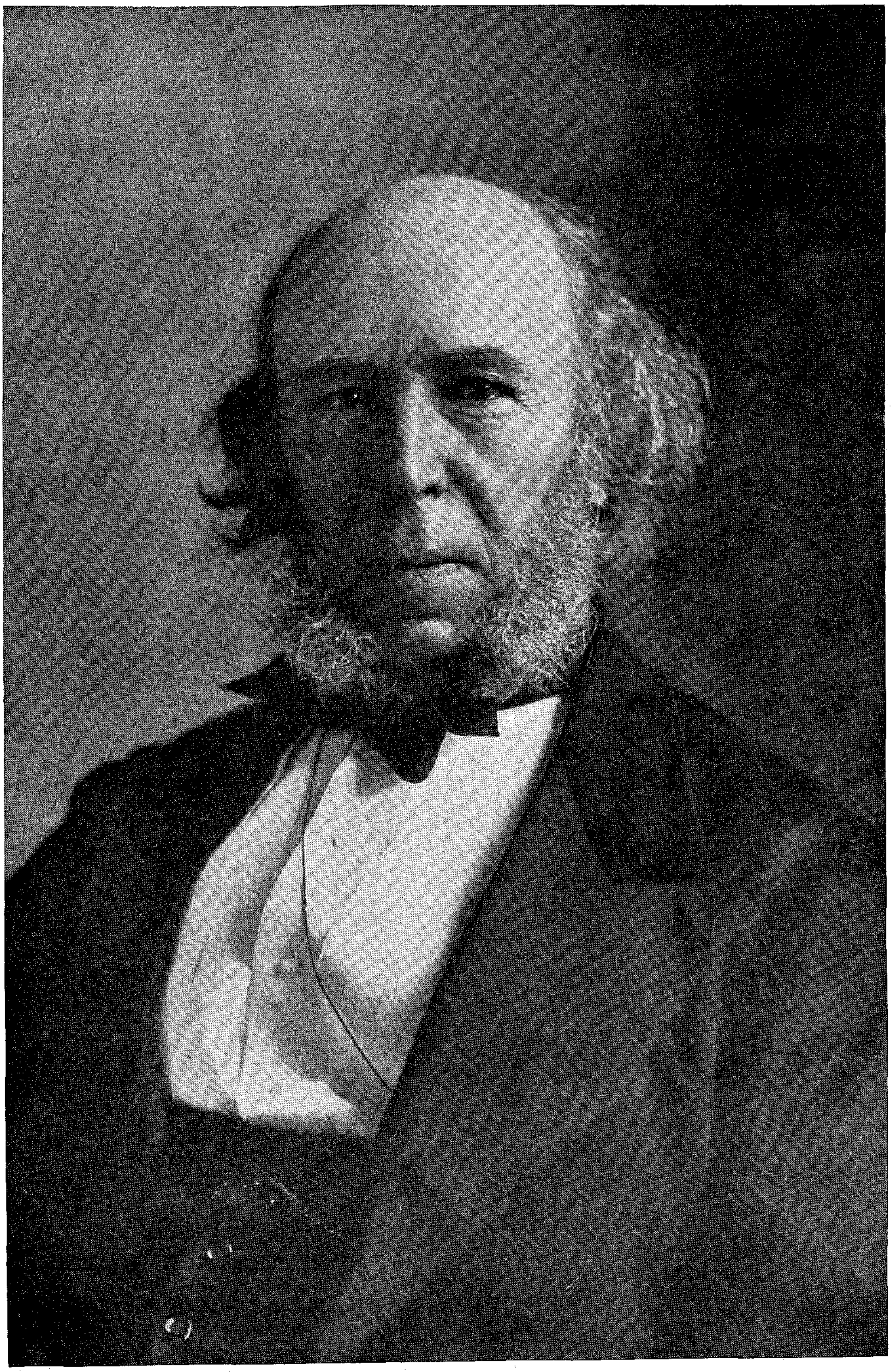
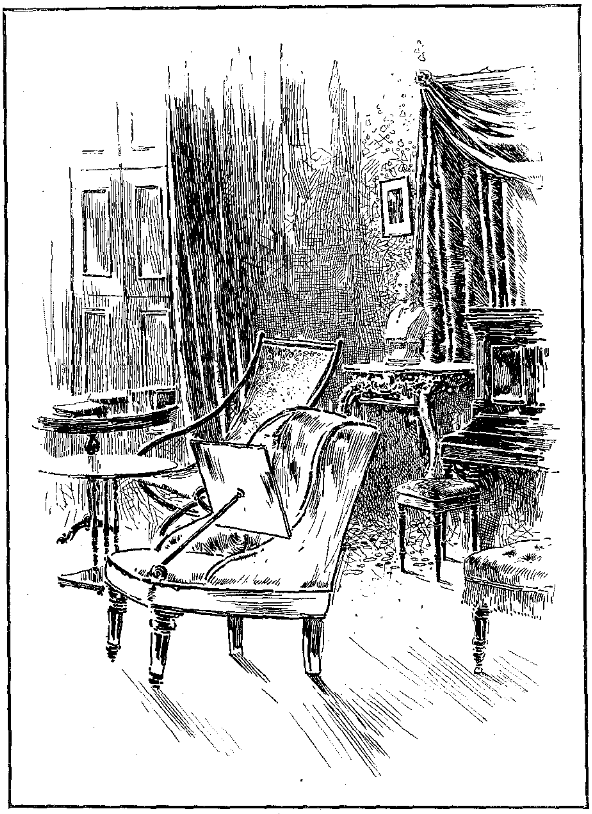
JANUARY



HERBERT SPENCER



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN REGENT'S PARK

Herbert Spencer: A Personal Sketch

By George Iles

Author of "Flame, Electricity, and the Camera," etc., etc.

A PHOTOGRAPH of Herbert Spencer, taken about 1850, when he wrote "Social Statics," has a somewhat aggressive look, with a slight touch of insolence about the lips which afterward wholly disappeared. The nose is straight, without the aquiline curve so well defined at a later period. From his father, a schoolmaster, and a Nonconformist of pronounced type, came his strong individuality of character, his passion for freedom of thought and expression. From him also he derived the mold and structure of his face, much accentuated in his own features. He used sadly to declare that his father had given himself up to details, and let more important matters go by the board. This faculty for details was in full measure transmitted to the son, whose career his father followed with tender interest. When, in 1865, it seemed likely that the serial publication of the Synthetic Philosophy would have to be suspended, as subscriptions had seriously fallen off, he said: "If Herbert has to give up, it will break his heart." Herbert Spencer inherited from his mother the long upper lip which gave honesty and a certain homeliness to his expression. His affection for her was the deepest feeling of his life; for her comfort, as an invalid, he devised a bed which at a touch she could move in any direction.

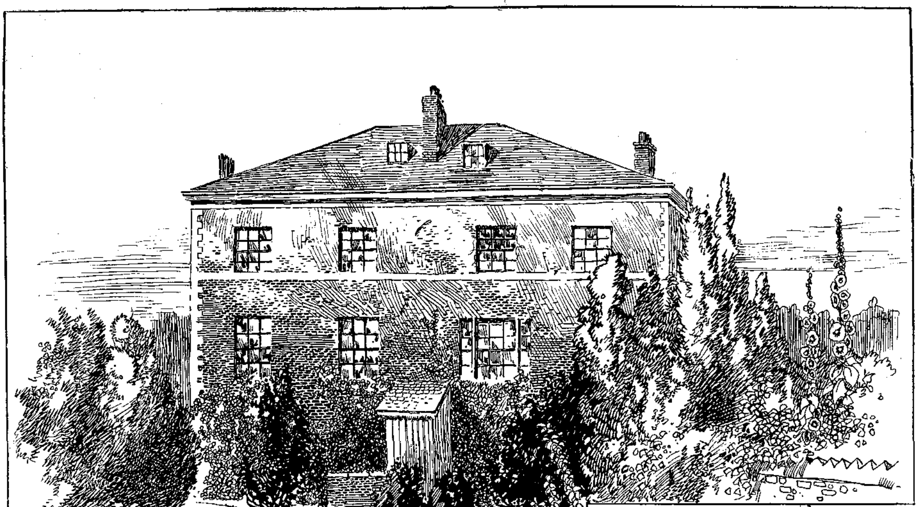
In 1850 there flourished in London

the Whittington Club, founded by Douglas Jerrold. Of its membership fifty-three years ago there is but one survivor. He tells me that Spencer often dined with him at this club; he then looked like a young country gentleman of the sporting farmer class. When he took part in a discussion, he spoke in an earnest, confident way, as one who had thought on the subject and come to clear convictions. Even then he had misgivings about his health, hearty as he seemed. The same friend and Spencer were on the staff of the "Leader," a weekly journal founded by Thornton Hunt, son of Leigh Hunt. On Friday nights, at eleven o'clock, on the eve of publication, tea was served at the office. George Eliot, who then lived at Chapman's, the bookseller's, in the Strand near by, was sometimes present, charming everybody with her witty talk and buoyant manners. Spencer, like herself, came at times to read final proofs. From the very first she was greatly impressed by his intellectual power. She must have taken a note of their first meeting, for in the late seventies she gave him a handsome copy of her poems, inscribed with the date as the thirtieth anniversary of their friendship. It was Spencer who presented her to George Henry Lewes, whom she married; and it was Spencer who prevailed upon her to take up the writing of fiction, as a more telling medium for her ideas than essays such as she wrote for the "Westminster."

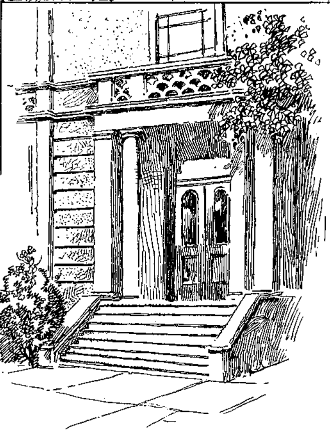
When the philosopher visited America in 1882, he was in his sixty-third year. His fair, ruddy complexion gave little token of delicate health, or of the sleeplessness which had afflicted him since 1855, when he completed the "Principles of Psychology." In frame he was rather tall and spare. To casual acquaintances his manners were cold and formal, to his friends he was cordial, and on occasion he could be downright jovial, telling and listening to humorous stories with unbounded glee. From his habit of dictating to an amanuensis he had come to talking "like a book;" most of his sentences might well have been printed just as they fell from his lips. Once in my hearing a friend who had not seen him for years congratulated him on his good health, as evidenced by his rosy cheeks. "Do not," said he, "confuse complete with incomplete relation. Because some healthy people are ruddy, all ruddy people are considered healthy; whereas a red complexion may denote a flabby vascular system." A fair specimen, this, of how he might at any moment drop into generalization. When he was in the critical mood, the schoolmaster in his blood came out plainly, his long, bony hand raised in objurgation seemed ready to wield a ferule, whereat I ever rejoiced that I had learned my rule-of-three under other auspices.

He was a very "set" man. At Montreal I told him that the view from the summit of Mount Royal commands superb stretches of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa valleys. But the view from halfway up the acclivity contented Mr. Spencer. He had found views thus restricted more pleasing than wider vistas, and not one step further would he budge, although twice invited. Not far away a costly mansion was being finished for a multi-millionaire, whose fortune had been won with little scruple. When it was suggested that his carriage should pass this mansion, he was indignant. "It is largely," he said, "the admiring the ostentation of such men that makes them possible. Baron Grant, the fraudulent speculator, sent me an invitation for the inaugural of Leicester Square, his gift to London. Before a party of friends I tore the card in pieces. Such men as Grant try to compensate for robbing Peter by giving Paul what they do not owe him."

Mr. Spencer's conscience was once characterized by a fellow-native of Derby as "tyrannical"—an epithet which tells something about the critic as well as the philosopher. Whatever he believed to be right, that he did, were the matter small or great. One morning in a London omnibus he happened to observe when the passenger next him paid his fare. This payment the conductor forgot, insisting on a second twopence. The passenger resisted, was arrested, and, in seeing justice done, Mr. Spencer without a murmur gave up most of a day. During the early years of his career as an author his books met

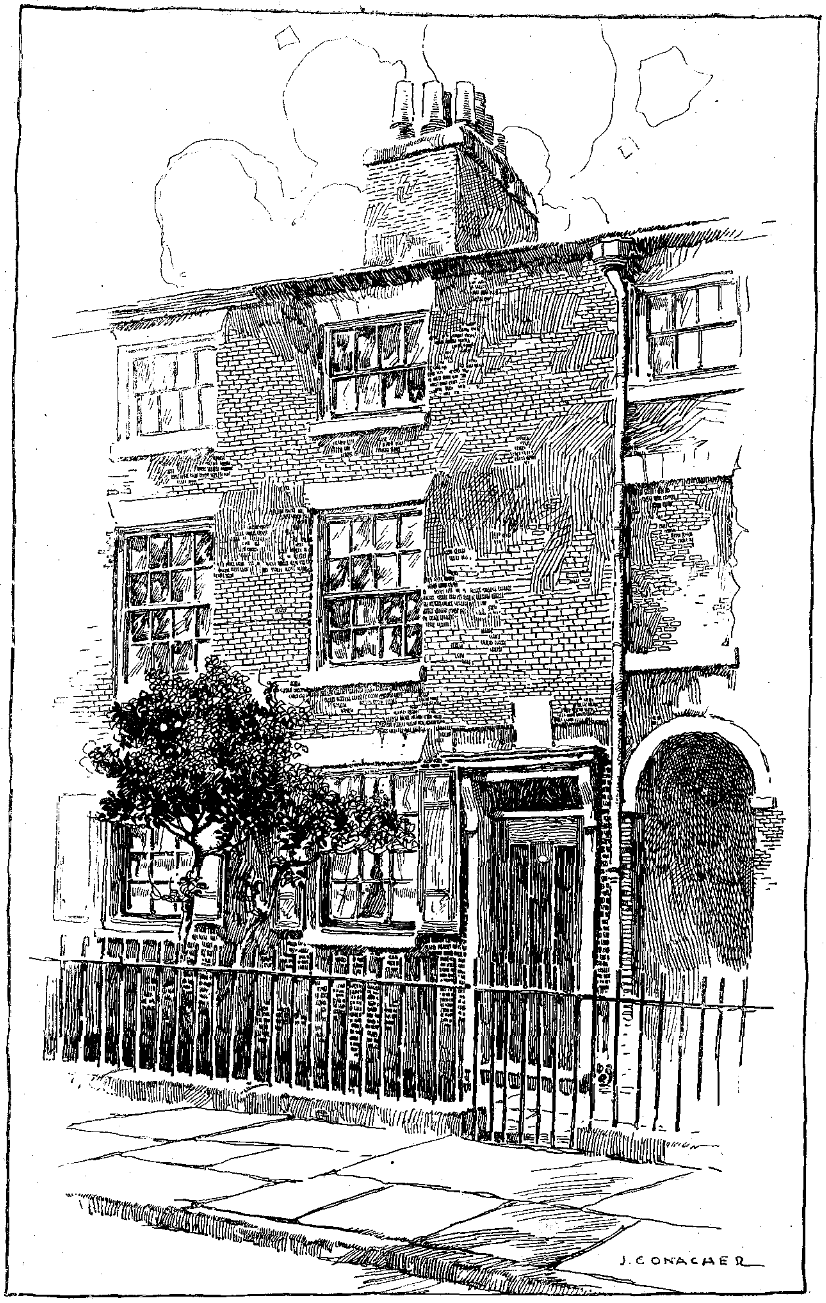


HERBERT SPENCER'S HOME IN REGENT'S PARK



THE STREET ENTRANCE

with but scant sale; his income was less than five hundred dollars a year, but, frugal as he was, this sufficed. Much as he wished to make his thought known in the world, no pressure could ever prevail upon him to bring himself and his works into notice by indecorous and pushful methods. He deemed the reviews, in England, of his early books to be incompetent, so that none of the succeeding volumes were sent to the English press. It was, however, on the lines of a stirring canvass that he became known and influential in America. His untiring disciple, Dr. Edward L. Youmans, of New York, devoted his life to making friends for the "Synthetic Philosophy." As a writer and lecturer he created a thousand opportunities for preaching Spencer's gospel of evolution. "The Study of Sociology"—a work of particular lucidity and verve—was suggested by Youmans as a volume in the International Scientific Series which he planned and edited. Spencer's friendship for Youmans was much the strongest of his life. And yet two men more contrasted it would be hard to find: Spencer, by nature cool, cautious, and wary to the verge of distrust; Youmans, buoyant, sanguine, enthusiastic, and withal clinging to his mission like a bulldog. Youmans died in January, 1887; his closing days were cheered by a succession of most affectionate letters from Spencer. That Spencer himself survived until his eighty-fourth year is to be credited to his conviction that in most cases it is wrong to be ill. In early life he had broken the laws of health; when once he became aware of his folly, he laid down rules to which he rigidly adhered. His hours of toil, of exercise and recreation, were defined; his regimen was simple and abstemious. In his later years, residing in a commodious house at Brighton, his interviews with intimate friends were few and short. Often his guests dined at his table in his absence,



HERBERT SPENCER'S BIRTHPLACE, EXETER STREET, DERBY

as more than a few minutes' conversation wearied him. In fine weather he drove out, sometimes in company with his old friend George Jacob Holyoake, the venerable historian of co-operation, who had rendered him a helping hand in early days of struggle and hardship.

Twenty-four years ago I had a glance at his workshop in Leinster Place in the West End of London. Here were the bulky portfolios in which were amassed for ready reference many thousand extracts from books, reports, periodicals, and pamphlets. Much of this material went into his "Descriptive Sociology;" the whole store was undergoing constant enlargement as a source of his later books and articles. No author better understood how to direct assistants so as to spare himself for the sole labor of co-ordination, of digesting uncounted facts into a few underlying principles. In some of his books the chapters have much independence one of another. In collating the manuscript for the "Data of Ethics" a chapter went astray and was not missed. It duly appears in the definitive edition of the Synthetic Philosophy. In dictating a paragraph, so thorough was his grasp of fact and argument that he seemed with his mind's eye to be reading what was already written. And yet his verbal memory was poor; he could never quote correctly more than a line or two of verse. Of books apart from those directly needed in his work he read scarcely any. A friend who lived with him ten years knew him in all that time to buy but one book. He greatly admired Shakespeare, of course, and believed himself to be of the poet's kindred in blood. Among minor poets he gave a high place to Alexander Smith, who is now all but forgotten.

Mr. Spencer was often charged with never having cultivated any branch of positive science. As a matter of fact, as a young man he worked so assiduously with a microscope as to injure his eyes. He was deft and dexterous in many ways; he made all his own flies when he went a-fishing, he designed a capital velocimeter for engines, and he suggested composite photography long before Mr. Francis Galton produced his remarkable composite pictures. Mechanical skill and ingenuity were native with him, and as an engineer he would have excelled; but as a young man he conceived a feat of constructive interpretation which dwarfed to littleness any scheme of the engineer. He became possessed by the idea of universal evolution, and with a single heart and unswerving purpose gave his life to its exposition and proof.

Hands of Toil

By Arthur Peirce Vaughn

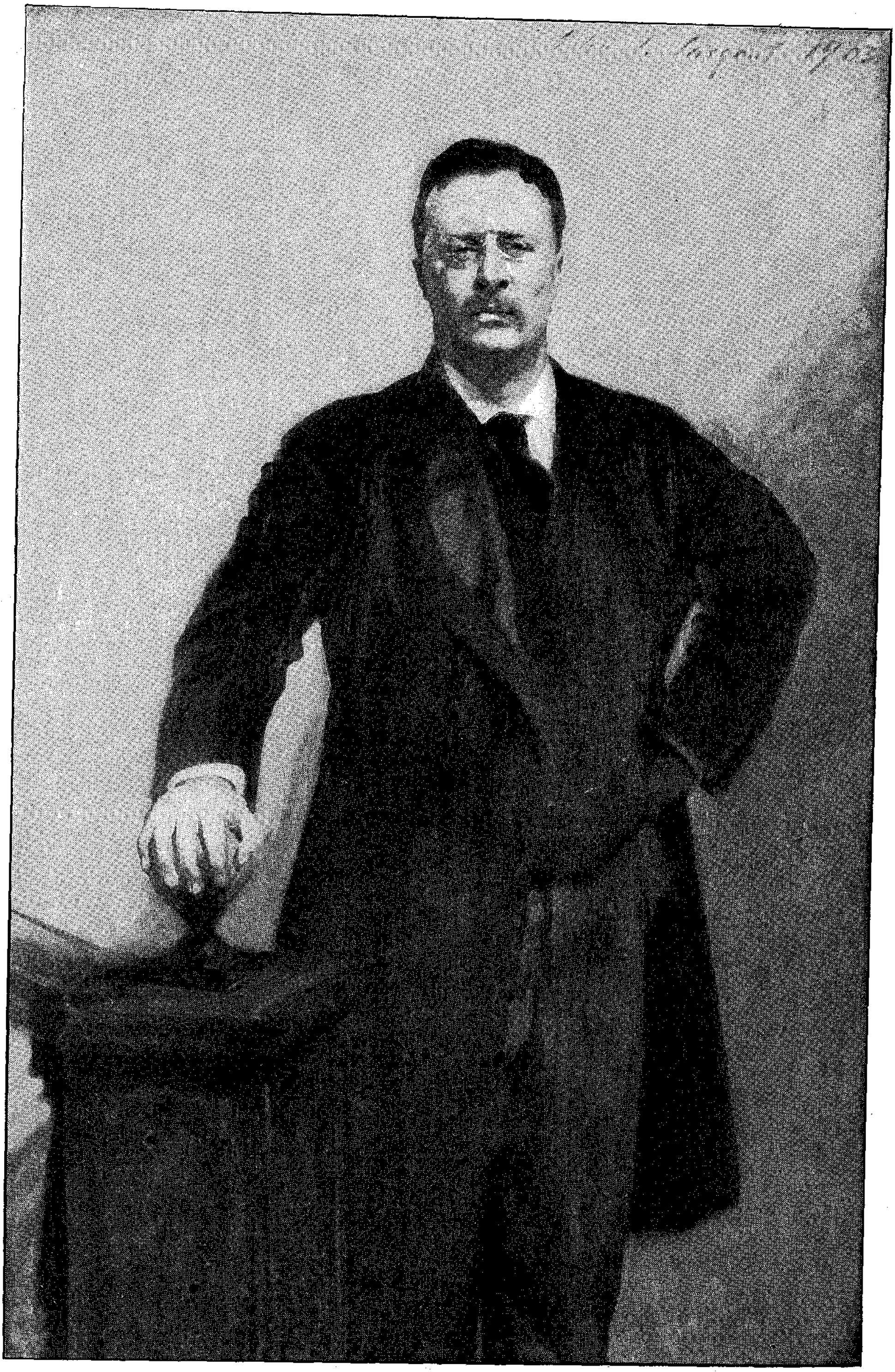
In the shop of Nazareth
Pungent cedar haunts the breath.
'Tis a low Eastern room,
Windowless, touched with gloom.
Workman's bench and simple tools
Line the walls. Chests and stools,
Yoke of ox, and shaft of plow,
Finished by the Carpenter,
Lie about the pavement now.

In the room the Craftsman stands,
Stands and reaches out His hands.

Let the shadows veil His face
If you must, and dimly trace
His workman's tunic, girt with bands
At His waist. But His *Hands*—
Let the light play on them;
Marks of toil lay on them.
Paint with passion and with care
Every old scar showing there
Where a tool slipped and hurt;
Show each callous; be alert
For each deep line of toil.
Show the soil
Of the pitch; and the strength
Grip of helve gives at length.

When night comes, and I turn
From my shop where I earn
Daily bread, let me see
Those hard hands; know that He
Shared my lot, every bit:
Was a man, every whit.

Could I fear such a hand
Stretched toward me? Misunderstand
Or mistrust? Doubt that He
Meets me full in sympathy?
"Carpenter! hard like Thine
Is this hand—this of mine:
I reach out, gripping Thee,
Son of Man, close to me,
Close and fast, fearlessly."


Sargent 1903

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
From the portrait by John S. Sargent. Photographed by Frances Benjamin Johnston.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN[1]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

Chapter V.—The "Fair Play Department"

THE citizens had picked Roosevelt because they needed a young man with fighting grit, a man with a name to trust, a Republican who was not afraid—of the machine for one thing. The machine took him because there was nothing else left for it to do, and it did that. The thing has happened since: evidence that there is life in our theory and practice of government. When such things cease to happen, popular government will not be much more than a name. The machine is useful—indeed, it is indispensable—as a thing to be run for a purpose. When the purpose becomes merely the running of the machine, however perfect that, the soul is gone out of it. And without a soul a man or a party is dead.

Something had occurred in New York fit almost to wake the dead. Henry George had been nominated for Mayor, and the world that owned houses and lands and stocks was in a panic. The town was going to be sacked, at the very least. And, in wild dread of the disaster that was coming, men forsook party, principles, everything, and threw themselves into the arms of Tammany, as babies run in fear of the bogy man and hide their heads in their mother's lap. Nice mother, Tammany—even with Abram S. Hewitt as its candidate. He lived to subscribe to that statement. I have sometimes wondered what the town thought of itself when it came to, and considered Henry George as he really was. I know what Roosevelt thought of it. He laughed, rather contemptuously, married, and went abroad, glad of his holiday.

But he had contributed something to that campaign that had life in it. Long years after it bore fruit; but at that time I suppose people shrugged their shoulders at it, and ran on to their haven of refuge. It was just two paragraphs in his letter of acceptance to the Committee of One Hundred, the briefest of that kind of documents I ever saw.

"The worst evils that affect our local government," he wrote to R. Fulton Cutting and his colleagues (even the names sound as if it were yesterday, not nearly twenty years ago), "arise from and are the inevitable results of the mixing up of city affairs with the party politics of the Nation and of the State. The lines upon which National parties divide have no necessary connection with the business of the city . . . such connection opens the way to countless schemes of public plunder and civic corruption. I very earnestly deprecate all attempts to introduce any class or caste feeling into the mayoralty contest. Laborers and capitalists alike are interested in having an honest and economical city government, and if elected I shall certainly strive to be the representative of all good citizens, paying heed to nothing whatever but the general well-being."

He was not elected, as I said. We were not yet grown to that. Non-partisanship in municipal politics was a poet's dream, nice but so unsubstantial. It came true all the same in time, and it will stay true when we have dozed off a few times more and been roused up with the Tammany nightmare astride of us. Maybe then my other dream will come true, too. It is my own, and I have

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never told even him of it; but I have seen stranger things happen. It is this, that Theodore Roosevelt shall sit in the City Hall in New York as Mayor of his own city, after he has done his work in Washington. That would be an object-lesson worth while, one we need and that would show all the world what democracy meant. I shall never be satisfied till I see it. That year I would write the last chapter of my "battle with the slum," and in truth it would be over. For that which really makes the slum is not the foul tenement, not the pestilent alley, not the want and ignorance they stand for; but the other, the killing ignorance that sits in ease and plenty and knows not that it is the brother who suffers, and that, in one way or other, he must suffer with him unless he will suffer for him. Of that there must be an end. Roosevelt in the City Hall could mean only that.

Witness his plea in the letter I quoted: "Laborers and capitalists alike are interested." Of course they are, or our country goes to the dogs. In that day we shall see it, all of us. He saw it always. When I hear any one say that Roosevelt is doing this, or saying that, for effect, I know I have to do with a man who does not read or reason; or he would have made out how straight has been his course from the beginning. What he said then to the electors of New York, he did as President when he appointed the Coal Strike Commission, when he blocked the way of illegal trust combinations, and when he killed the power of "pull" in the Police Department and kept the peace of the city. He said it again the other day in his labor day speech at Syracuse.

"They will say, most likely, that it is made up of platitudes," he told me when he had finished it, referring to his newspaper critics; "and so I suppose it is. Only they need to be said just here and now."

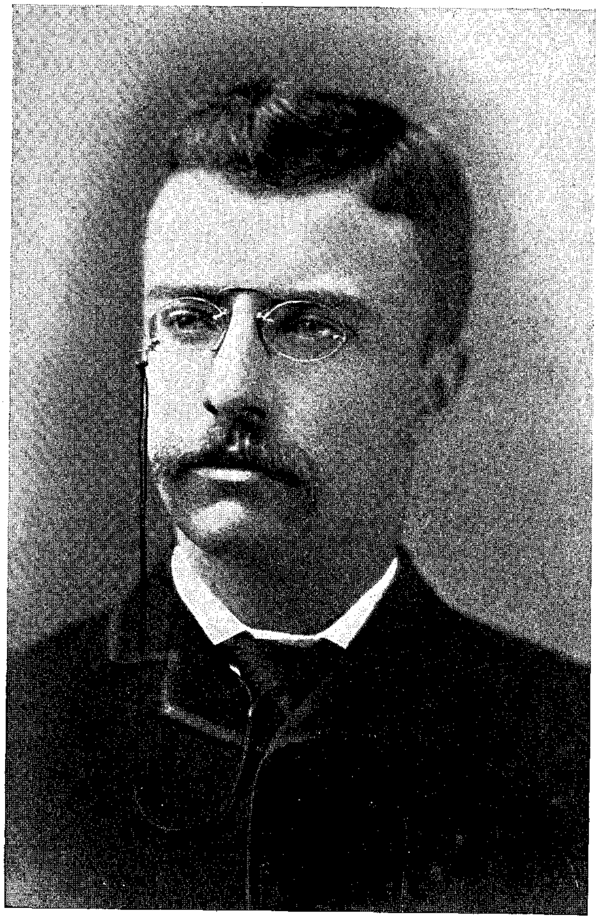
They did need to. The Ten Commandments are platitudes, I expect; certainly they have been repeated often enough. And yet even the critics will hardly claim that we have had enough of them. I noticed, by the way, that they were dumb for once. Perhaps it occurred to them that it took a kind of courage to insist, as he did, on the elementary virtues in the dealings of man with man as the basis of all human fellowship, against which their shafts fell powerless. If so, it did more credit to their discernment than I expected ever to have to accord them.

Two years of travel and writing, of working at the desk and, in between, on the ranch, where the cowboys hailed him joyously; of hunting and play which most people would have called hard work; years during which his "Winning of the West" took shape and grew into his great work. Then, in the third, Washington and the Civil Service Commission.

I suppose there is scarcely one who knows anything of Theodore Roosevelt who has not got the fact of his being once a Civil Service Commissioner fixed in his mind. That was where the country got its eye upon him; and that, likewise, was where some good people grew the notion that he was a scrapper first, last, and all the time, with but little regard for whom he tackled, so long as he had him. There was some truth in that; we shall see how much. But as to Civil Service Reform, I have sometimes wondered how many there were who knew as little what it really meant as I did until not so very long ago. How many went about with a more or less vague notion that it was some kind of a club to knock out spoils politics with, good for the purpose and necessary, but in the last analysis an alien kind of growth, of aristocratic tendency, to set men apart in classes. Instead of exactly the reverse, right down on the hard pan of the real and only democracy: every man on his merits; what he is, not what he has; what he can do, not what his pull can do for him. And do you know what first shocked me into finding out the truth? I have to own it, if it does make me blush for myself. It was when I saw a report Roosevelt had made on political blackmail in the New York Custom-House. That was what he called it; and it was meaner than the meanest, he added, because it hit hardest the employees who didn't stand politically with the party in power and were afraid to say so lest they lose their places.

Three per cent. of his salary, to a clerk just able to get along, might mean "the difference between having and not having a winter overcoat for himself, a warm dress for his wife, or a Christmas tree for his children—a piece of cruel injustice and iniquity." It was the Christmas tree that settled it with me. The rest was bad, but I couldn't allow that. Not with my Danish pedigree of blessed Christmas trees reaching way back into the day of frocks and rag dolls, and my own children's tree to remind me of it—never!

So I overcame my repugnance to schedules and tables and examinations, and got behind it all to an understanding of what it really meant. And there I found the true view of this champion of civil service reform as I might have expected; fighting the spoilsman, yes! dragging the sting from his kind of politics; hitting him blow after blow, and with the whole pack of politicians, I came near saying good and bad together, in front hitting back for very life. That was there, all of it. But this other was there too: the man who was determined that the fellow with no pull should have an even chance with his rival who came backed; that the farmer's lad and the mechanic's son who had no one to speak for them should have the same show in competing for the public service as the son of wealth and social prestige. That was really what civil service reform meant to Roosevelt. The other was good, but this was the kernel of it, and the kernel was sound. It was, as he said in his



THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS AN ASSEMBLYMAN AT ALBANY first Presidential message, "as democratic and American as the common-school system itself."

A "first-class trouble job" they called it with reason, and the wise, or those who thought they were wise, laughed in their sleeves when Roosevelt tackled it. For at last they had him where he would be killed off sure, this bumptious young man who had got in the way of the established order in everything. And they wished him luck. President Harrison was in the White House, well disposed, but not exactly a sympathetic court of appeals for a pleader like Roosevelt. In fact, he would have removed him within a year or two of his appointment for daring to lay down the law to a Cabinet officer, had it been expedient. It was not expedient; by that time Theodore Roosevelt had made his own court of appeals—the country and public opinion.

Contrary to the general belief, Roosevelt was never President of the Civil Service Commission, though I am strongly inclined to think that where he sat was the head of the table. Until he came the Board had been in hard luck. Unpopular everywhere, it had tried the ostrich game of hiding its head, hoping so to escape observation and the onset of its enemies. Things took a sudden turn with Roosevelt in the Board. He was there to do a work he thoroughly believed in, that was one thing. In the Legislature of New York he had forced through a civil service law that was substantially the same as he was here set to enforce; hence he knew. And when a man knows a thing and believes in it, and it is the right thing to do anyway, truly "thrice armed is he." The enemies of the cause found it out quickly. For every time they struck, the Commission hit back twice. Nor was the new Commissioner very particular where he hit, so long as the blow told. "The spectacle," wrote Edward Cary in reviewing his work when it was done, "of a man holding a minor and rather nondescript office, politically unimportant, taking a Cabinet officer by the neck and exposing him to the amused contempt of all honest Americans, was what the late Horace Greeley would have called 'mighty interesting.' It was also very instructive."

It was that. The whole country took an interest in the show. Politics woke right up and got the ear of the White House. Mr. Roosevelt respectfully but firmly refused to back down. He was doing his sworn duty in enforcing the law. That was what he was there for. He urged his reform measures once, twice, three times, then went to the people, telling them all about it. The measures went through. Surveying the clamoring crowd that railed at him and his work, he flung this challenge to them in an address in the Madison Street Theater in Chicago in March, 1890, the year after he was appointed:

"Every ward heeler who now ekes out a miserable existence at the expense of office-holders and candidates is opposed to our policy, and we are proud to acknowledge it. Every politician who sees nothing but reward of office in the success of a party or a principle is opposed to us, and we are not sorry for it. . . . We propose to keep a man in office as long as he serves the public faithfully and courteously. . . . We propose that no incumbent shall be dismissed from the service unless he proves untrustworthy or incompetent, and that no one not specially qualified for the duties of the position shall be appointed. These two statements we consider eminently practical and American in principle."

Again, a year later, when the well-worn lies that still pass current in certain newspapers had got into the Senate, this was his answer:

"One of the chief false accusations which are thrown at the Commission is that we test applicants by puzzling questions. There is a certain order of intellect—sometimes an order of Senatorial intellect—which thinks it funny to state that a first-class young man, thoroughly qualified in every respect, has been rejected for the position of letter-carrier because he was unable to tell the distance from Hongkong to the mouth of the Yangtsekiang, or answer questions of similar nature.

"I now go through a rather dreary, monotonous illustration of how this idea becomes current. A Senator, for instance,

COURTESY OF "M'CLURE'S MAGAZINE"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS MULBERRY STREET OFFICE, WHEN HE WAS POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK

makes statements of that character. I then write to him, and ask him his foundation for such an assertion. Presumably, he never receives my letter, for he never answers it. I write him again, with no better results. I then publish a contradiction in the newspapers. Then some enterprising correspondent interviews him, and he states the question is true, but it is below his dignity to reply to Mr. Roosevelt. As a matter of fact, he either does know or ought to know that no such question has ever been asked."

I wonder now, does any one of the editors who loudly wail over the "weak surrender" of the President these days, to malign forces of their imagination, really believe that of the man who single-handed bade defiance to the whole executive force of the Government, when the knowledge that he was right was his only weapon; or is it just buncombe like the Senator's dignity?

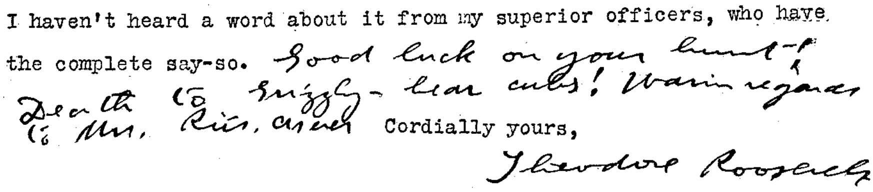
And yet, on the other hand, when he had to do with a different element, honest but not yet persuaded, note the change from blow to argument. I quote from a speech he made to a club of business men in the thick of the fight:

"We hear much of the question whether the Government should take control of the telegraph lines and railways of the country. Before that question can be so much as discussed, it ought to be definitely settled that, if the Government takes control of either telegraph line or railway, it must do it to manage it purely as a business undertaking, and must manage it with a service wholly unconnected with politics. I should like to call the special attention of the gentlemen in bodies interested in increasing the sphere of State action—interested in giving the State control more and more over railways, over telegraph lines, and over other things of the sort—to the fact that the condition precedent upon success is to establish an absolutely non-partisan governmental system. When that point is once settled, we can discuss the advisability of doing what these gentlemen wish, but not before."

Single-handed, I said. At least we heard from him only in those days. I have always supposed that the politicians had bullied his older colleagues into discouragement from which they couldn't recover. Perhaps I am wrong. But afterward there came to join him on the commission a Kentuckian, an old Confederate veteran, a Democrat, and withal as fine a fellow as ever drew breath—John R. Procter—and the two struck hands in a friendship that is for life.

"Every day," said Mr. Procter as we lay on the grass up in the Berkshires last summer and looked out over the peaceful valley, "every day I went to the office as to an entertainment. I knew something was sure to turn up to make our work worth while, with him there. When he went away, I had heart in it no longer."

The thing that turned up at regular intervals was an investigation by Congress. Sometimes it was charges of one kind or another; sometimes the weapon was ridicule; always at the bottom the purpose was the same: to get rid of this impudent thing that was interposing itself between the legislator and the patronage that had been to him the sinews of war till then, costly sinews as he often enough had found out, but still the only ones he knew how to use. Mr. Roosevelt met every attack with his unvarying policy of candor; blow for blow where that was needed; at other times with tact so finished, a shrewdness of diplomacy at which the enemy stared in helpless rage. For the country was visibly falling in behind this wholesome, good-humored fighter. I remember yet with amusement the "withering charge," as he called it, which one of the Washington papers brought against him. It published one of his letters in facsimile and asked scornfully if this man could pass an examination in penmanship for the desk of a third-rate clerk in his own office; yet he sat in judgment on the handwriting of aspirants. Now, I have always thought Mr. Roosevelt's handwriting fine. It isn't ornate. Indeed, it might be called very plain, extra plain, if you like. But his character is all over it: a child could read it. There can never be any doubt as to what he means, and that, it seems to me, is what you want of a man's writing. Here is a line of it now which I quoted before, still lying on my table. Squeezed in between lines of typewriting it is not a fair sample, but take it as it is:



I haven't heard a word about it from my superior officers, who have the complete say-so. Good luck on your hunt! Death to grizzly-bear cubs! Warm regards to Mrs. Riis, as ever

Cordially yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

However, Roosevelt made no bones about it. He owned up that he couldn't pass for a clerkship, which was well, he said, for he would have made but a poor clerk, while he thought he could make a good Commissioner. "And," he added, "there it is. Under our system of civil service examinations I couldn't get in, whereas under the old spoils system you advocate I would have had pull enough to get the appointment to the clerkship I wasn't fit for. Don't you see?"

I presume the editor saw, for nothing more was said about it.

In the hottest of the fighting, Mr. Roosevelt executed a flank movement of such consummate strategic skill and shrewdness that it fairly won him the battle. He ordered examinations for department positions at Washington to be held in the States, not at the Capital. When the successful candidates came to take the places they had won—when Congressman Smith met a young fellow from his county whom he knew in Washington, holding office under an administration hostile in politics as he knew, a great light dawned upon him. He felt the fetters of patronage that had proved a heavier and heavier burden to him, falling from his own limbs, and from among the Congressmen who had hotly opposed Roosevelt came some of the warmest advocates of the new salvation. The policy of fairness, of perfect openness, had won. But it *was* a fight, sure enough. Mr. Roosevelt's literary labors in the cause alone were immense. Besides the six annual reports of the Commission during his incumbency—the sixth to the eleventh, inclusive—which were written largely by him, his essays and papers in defense of the reform covered a range that would give a clerk, I was told at the Congressional Library, a good week's work making anything like a complete list of them.

There never yet was a perfect law, and the civil service law was no exception. It did not put saints in office. It gave men a fair show, helped kill political blackmail, and kept some scoundrels out. Sometimes, too, it kept the best man out; for no system of examination can be devised to make sure he gets in. Roosevelt was never a stickler for the letter of anything. I know that perhaps better than anybody. If I were to tell how many times we have sat down together to devise a way of getting through the formal husk, even at the risk of bruising it some, to get at the kernel, the spirit of justice that is the soul of every law, however undeveloped, I might frighten some good people needlessly. I think likely it was the recognition of this quality in the man, the entire absence of pedantry in his advocacy of the reform, that won the people over to him as much as anything. Some good stories are told about that, but perhaps one he told himself of his experience as a regimental commander in the Spanish war sheds more light on that side of him than anything else. He had a man in his regiment, a child of the frontier, in whom dwelt the soul of a soldier—in war, not in peace. By no process of reasoning or discipline could he be persuaded to obey the camp regulations, while the regiment lay at San Antonio, and at last he was court-martialed, sentenced to six months' imprisonment—a technical sentence, for there was no jail to put him in. The prison was another rough rider following him around with a rifle to keep him in bounds. Then came the call to Cuba, and the Colonel planned to leave him behind as useless baggage. When the man heard of it, his soul was stirred to its depths. He came and pleaded as a child to be taken along. He would always be good; never again could he show up in Kansas if the regiment went to the war without him. At sight of his real agony Mr. Roosevelt's heart relented.

"All right," he said. "You deserve to be shot as much as anybody. You shall go." And he went, flowing over with gratitude, to prove himself in the field as good a man as his prison of yore who fought beside him.

Then came the mustering out. When the last man was checked off and accounted for, the War Department official, quartermaster or general or something, fumbled with his papers.

"Where is the prisoner?" he asked.

"The prisoner?" echoed Colonel Roosevelt; "what prisoner?"

"Why, the man who got six months at a court martial."

"Oh, he! He is all right. I remitted his sentence."

The official looked the Colonel over curiously.

"You remitted his sentence," he said. "Sentenced by a court martial, approved by the commanding general, you remitted his sentence. Well, you've got nerve."

Perhaps the Civil Service Commissioner's "nerve" had something to do with winning his fight. I like to think it had. With that added, one could almost feel like hugging Civil Service Reform.

One phase of this "six years' war" I cannot pass by, since it may serve as a chart to some inquiring minds much troubled to find out where the President will stand in matters of recent notoriety. They may give up their still-hunt for information and assume with perfect confidence that he will stand where he always has stood, on the square platform of fair dealing between man and man. Here is the letter that made me think of it. It was written to the Chairman of the Committee on Reform in the Civil Service of the Fifty-third Congress, in the spring of 1894, the year before he left the Commission :

> Congressman Williams, of Mississippi, attacked the Commission in substance because under the Commission white men and men of color are treated with exact impartiality. As to this, I have to say that so long as the present Commissioners continue their official existence they will not make, and, so far as in their power lies, will refuse to allow others to make, any discrimination whatsoever for or against any man because of his color, any more than because of his politics or religion. We do equal and exact justice to all, and I challenge Mr. Williams or any one else to show a single instance where the Commission has failed to do this. Mr. Williams specified the Railway Mail Service in Missouri as being one in which negroes are employed. The books of the Railway Mail Service for the division including South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi were shown me yesterday, and according to these books about three-fourths of the employees are white and one-fourth colored. Under the last administration it was made a reproach to us that we did full and entire justice to the Southern Democrats, and that through our examinations many hundreds of them entered the classified service, although under a Republican administration. Exactly in the same way, it is now made a reproach to us that under our examinations honest and capable colored men are given an even chance with honest and capable white men. I esteem this reproach a high compliment to the Commission, for it is an admission that the Commission has rigidly done its duty as required by law without regard to politics or religion and without regard to color.
>
> Very respectfully,
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"You cannot change him unless you convince him," said Mr. Procter to me, as we got up to go down into the valley, whence the gray evening shadows were reaching up toward us. If you think you can convince Theodore Roosevelt that a square deal is not the right thing, you can look for a change in him when he has taken a stand on a moral question ; else you needn't trouble.

President Cleveland was in office by that time, and the Democratic party was in. But Roosevelt stayed as Civil Service Commissioner, and abated not one jot of his zeal. I do not know what compact was made between the two men, but I can guess from what I knew of them both. An incident of the White House shows what kind of regard grew up between them as they came to know each other. It was the day President McKinley was buried. President Roosevelt had come in alone. Among the mourners he saw Mr. Cleveland. Now, the etiquette of the White House, which is in its way as rigid as that of any court in Europe, requires that the President shall be sought out; he is not to go to any one. But Mr. Roosevelt waved it all aside with one impulsive gesture as he went straight to Mr. Cleveland and took his hand. An official who stood next to them, and who told me, heard him say:

"It will always be a source of pride and pleasure to me to have served under President Cleveland." Mr. Cleveland shook hands, mute with emotion.

I learned afterward that among all the countless messages of sympathy and cheer that came to him in those hard days, the one of them all he prized highest and that touched him most deeply was from Grover Cleveland.

The Six Years' War was nearly over when the summons came to him to take the helm in the Police Department in New York City, the then storm-center in the fight for civic regeneration. He and his colleague, Mr. Procter, had their first and only falling out over his choice to go into the new fight. They quarreled over it until Roosevelt put his arm over the other's shoulder and said: "Old friend! I have made up my mind that it is right for me to go."

Mr. Procter shook him off almost roughly, and got up from the table. "All right," he said, "go! You always would have your way, and I suppose you are right, blank it and blank blank it!" and the grizzled old veteran went out and wept like a child.

The outcome of it all? Figures convey no idea of it. To say that he found 14,000 government officers under the civil service rules, and left 40,000, does not tell the story; not even in its own poor way, for there are 125,000 now, and when the ransomed number 200,000 it will still be Roosevelt's work. President Cleveland put it more nearly right in his letter to Mr. Roosevelt regretfully accepting his resignation.

"You are certainly to be congratulated," he wrote, "upon the extent and permanency of Civil Service Reform methods which you have so substantially aided in bringing about. The struggle for its firm establishment and recognition is past. Its faithful application and reasonable expansion remain, subjects of deep interest to all who really desire the best attainable public service."

That was what the country got out of it. The fight was won—wait, let me put that a little less strongly: the way to the victory is cleared. Just now, as I was writing that sentence, a man, an old friend, a teacher in Israel, came into my office, and to him I read what I had just written. "That's right," he said; "I came in to ask you if you wouldn't help a young man who wants to get into the public employment. He is a fine fellow, has got all the qualifications. All he needs is influence to get him a place. Without influence you cannot do anything."

The fight will be over the day the American people get that notion out of their heads, not before. They can drop it now, for it is all that really is left. Roosevelt won them the right to do that. He won his father's fight that he had made his own. I know how much that meant to him.

The country got more out of it: it got a man to whom great tasks and great opportunities were to come with the years, trained in the school of all schools to perfect skill in dealing with men, in making out their motives and their worth as fighting units. The devious paths of diplomacy have no such training-school for leadership as he found in Washington fighting for a great principle, touching elbows every day with men from all over the country, with the leaders in thought and action, in politics, in every phase of public life. He went there, a fearless battler for the right, and came away with all his ideals bright and unsullied. It was in the Civil Service Commission's office the cunning was fashioned which, without giving offense, put the Kishenev petition into the hands of the Czar and his Ministers before they had time to say they would not receive it, and gave notice to the Muscovite world that there was a moral sense across the sea to be reckoned with; of which fact it took due notice.

Still more did the country get out of that six years' war: from end to end of the land the men with ideals, young and old, the men and women who would help their fellows, help their cities, took heart from his example and his victory. Perhaps that was the greatest gain, the one that went farthest. It endures to this day. Wherever he fights, men fall in behind and fight on with new hope; they know they can win if they keep it up. That was worth all the labor and the sweat of the battle.

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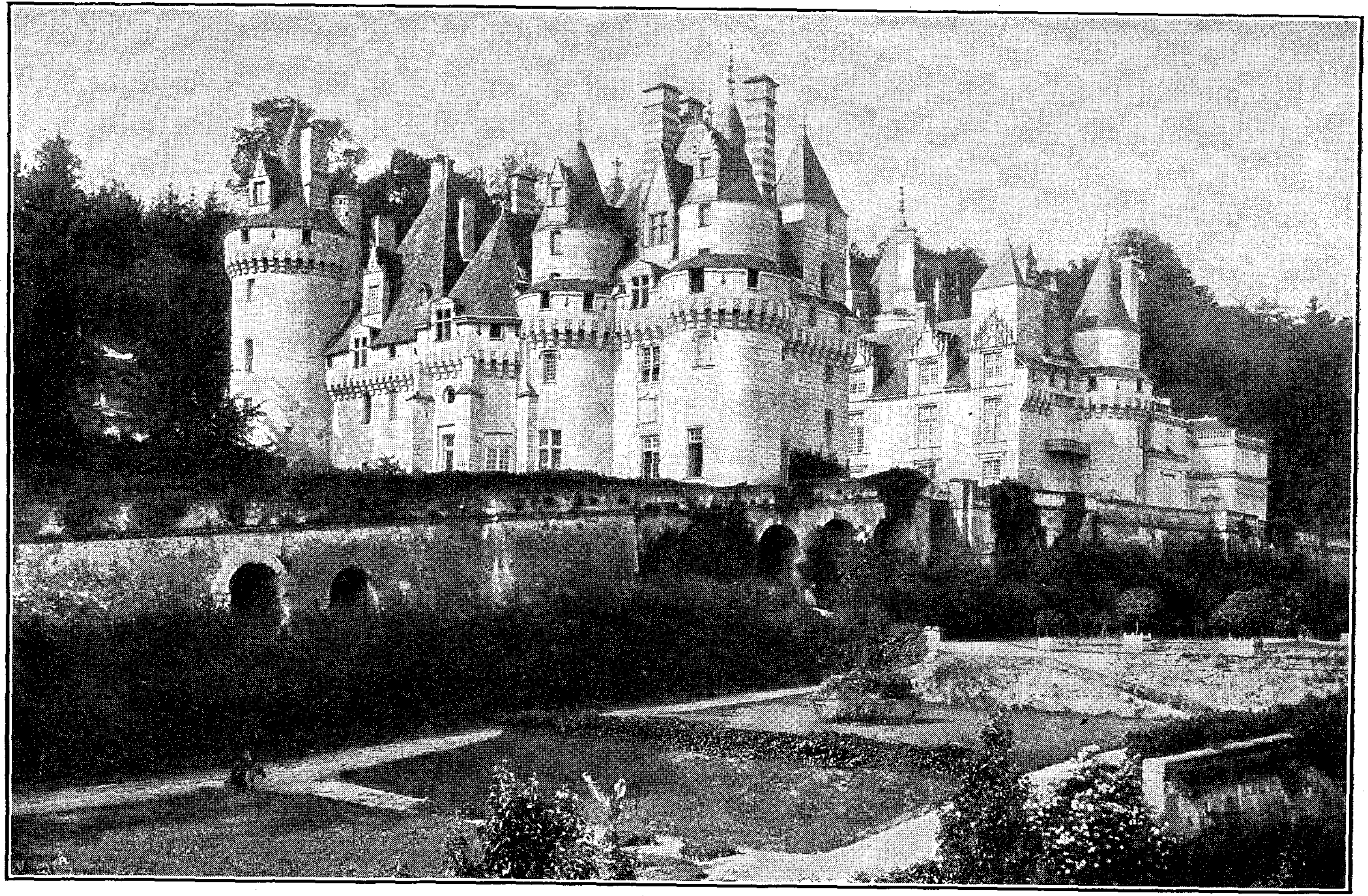


THE CHÂTEAU OF USSÉ

The Châteaux of Touraine

By Hamilton W. Mabie

ONE of the most charming bits of England, and one of the most characteristic, delights the eye of the American coming up from his long voyage as soon as he passes Cowes and Norris Castle comes into view. That stretch of green sward to the edge of the Solent; the great tower, the long, low front of the castle; the gray masonry masked by ivy, mediæval, feudal, but perfectly preserved and harmonious with the modern landscape—how significantly English it is! The change in political and social conditions has been as radical in fact if not in form as in any country in Europe, but there has been no violent break with the past, no abrupt closing of one chapter and beginning of another in the history of the people as a whole. Old England survives in the England of to-day by virtue of the long process of evolution. The extraordinary beauty of the country lies largely in the depth of its verdure; the century-old accumulation of its ivy, its mosses, its heather; the thousand-year spreading of its trees. In like manner much of the strength, dignity, and interest of English social life are due to the long, uninterrupted ripening of ordered and gradual growth.

In France, on the other hand, one feels everywhere the wreck of the great storm, the rending of the social fabric, the destruction of the old order. The visitor is shown through the English castle or welcomed there as a guest, and finds, against a feudal background, the comfort and charm of a modern home. In France, with few exceptions, he finds castles which have become museums or historic monuments half wrecked by the great convulsion of 1793.

He is aware also of other differences between the French and English castles which are significant of radical differences of national temperament and character. The English castle is massive, frowning, apparently impregnable. Windsor, Warwick, Conway, dominate the landscape with an air of imperious strength. The German castles were, as a rule, less imposing in size and ruder in structure; the Italian castles, whether in the heart of turbulent cities or perched on the steep hillsides, are ominous of environing perils, and hint at sudden and sorely needed refuge. The French castles, on the other hand, show in structure and ornament the genius for social life, the passion for human intercourse, the instinctive command of that delicate and beautiful art of living together which involves urbanity, grace, ease of manner, elegance of dress, splendor of framing, and the resources of talk. Some of the castles, like the Château de Luynes, which crowns a low hill on the bank of the Loire, seem little more than a group of massive round towers; but the majority of the old châteaux wear an open and gracious air; and even those which are primarily strongholds have a lightness of coloring which softens the harsh feudalism of their earlier forms. The English castles have been made friendly and communicative by continuous adaptation and use; the French châteaux wore something of this kindlier air at the beginning.

This was not true of the terrible battlements behind which Louis XI. intrenched himself at Plessis-les-Tours, if the description in "Quentin Durward" is to be trusted; but of that ominous and forbidding pile nothing remains which gives either pleasure or pain to the visitor; nothing except a very commonplace modern structure of small size and no dignity on ancient foundations, and a bit of carelessly kept garden. It was not entirely true of Loches, of which enough survives to give an adequate impression of its great size and of Louis's resources in the way of punishing his enemies and crushing individual initiative in France.

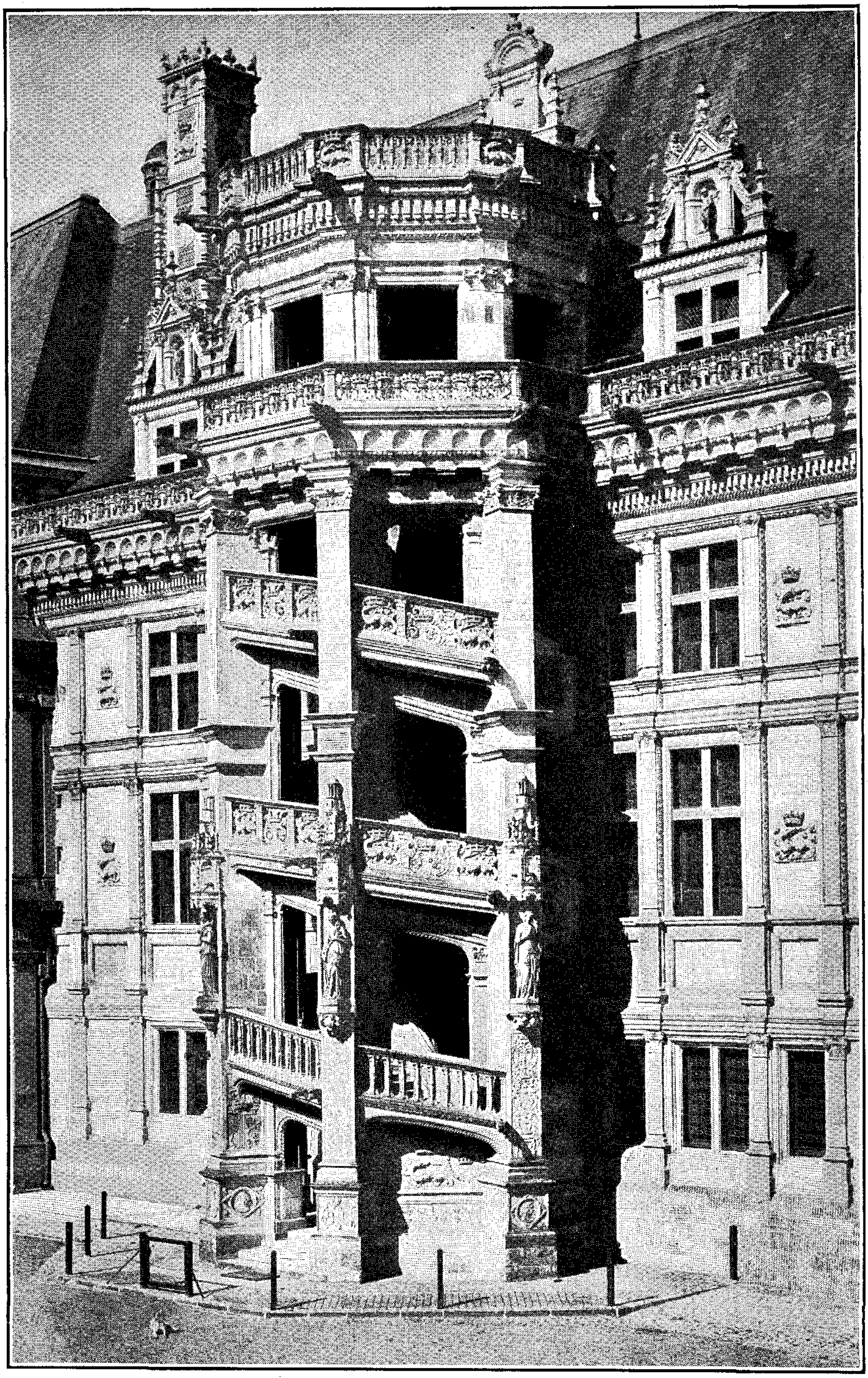
At Loches, if one puts a little history behind the great towers and subterranean dungeons, the destruction of feudal France is explained. In building up the power of the monarchy the crafty, subtle, resourceful Louis, master of the arts of intrigue and dissimulation, largely destroyed the old nobility. What he left Richelieu tore down, and what Richelieu overlooked the Revolution razed to the ground. Feudal England survives; toned, harmonized, softened, absorbed into the modern landscape. Feudal France survives in a few ruins, or in an occasional castle restored after the manner of Pierrefonds.

The French châteaux express the social genius, the art impulse, of the Renaissance. The royal châteaux are full of the ghosts of elegant women and courtly men who stood in the way of ambitious ministers, or crossed the wills of imperious mistresses, or fell out of the grace of frivolous and fickle kings. Tragedy haunts the rooms of Blois and Amboise, and walks with muffled step beside the visitor as he goes through the old audience-chambers, the living-rooms, the oratories, the closets, and the corridors; the stain of blood is everywhere; for the annals of the French kings from the time of Louis the Eleventh to that of Louis the Fifteenth are a long story of intrigue and crime. But the day of armor, of great nobles intrenched in massive keeps and proudly holding their own place and power, was largely over before these beautiful castles were built.

The beginnings of the modern age, the birth of society in the modern sense, the influence of women, the arts and resources of human intercourse, have left their record in the gardens, the great windows, the long galleries and spacious rooms, the delicate and beautiful architecture of the stately houses which look down upon the Loire. The landscape is in genial harmony with these beginnings of a kindlier and more humane life. There are châteaux in Normandy, in Brittany, in Burgundy, in other old provinces; but Touraine, the heart of old as it is the garden of new France, is pre-eminently the château country. It is a smiling land; open to the sun; with ample plains and low hills; green, fertile, soft in hue; the landscape composed in a large, simple style, abundantly lighted under a sky more cheerful than that of Brittany, less intense than that of Languedoc.

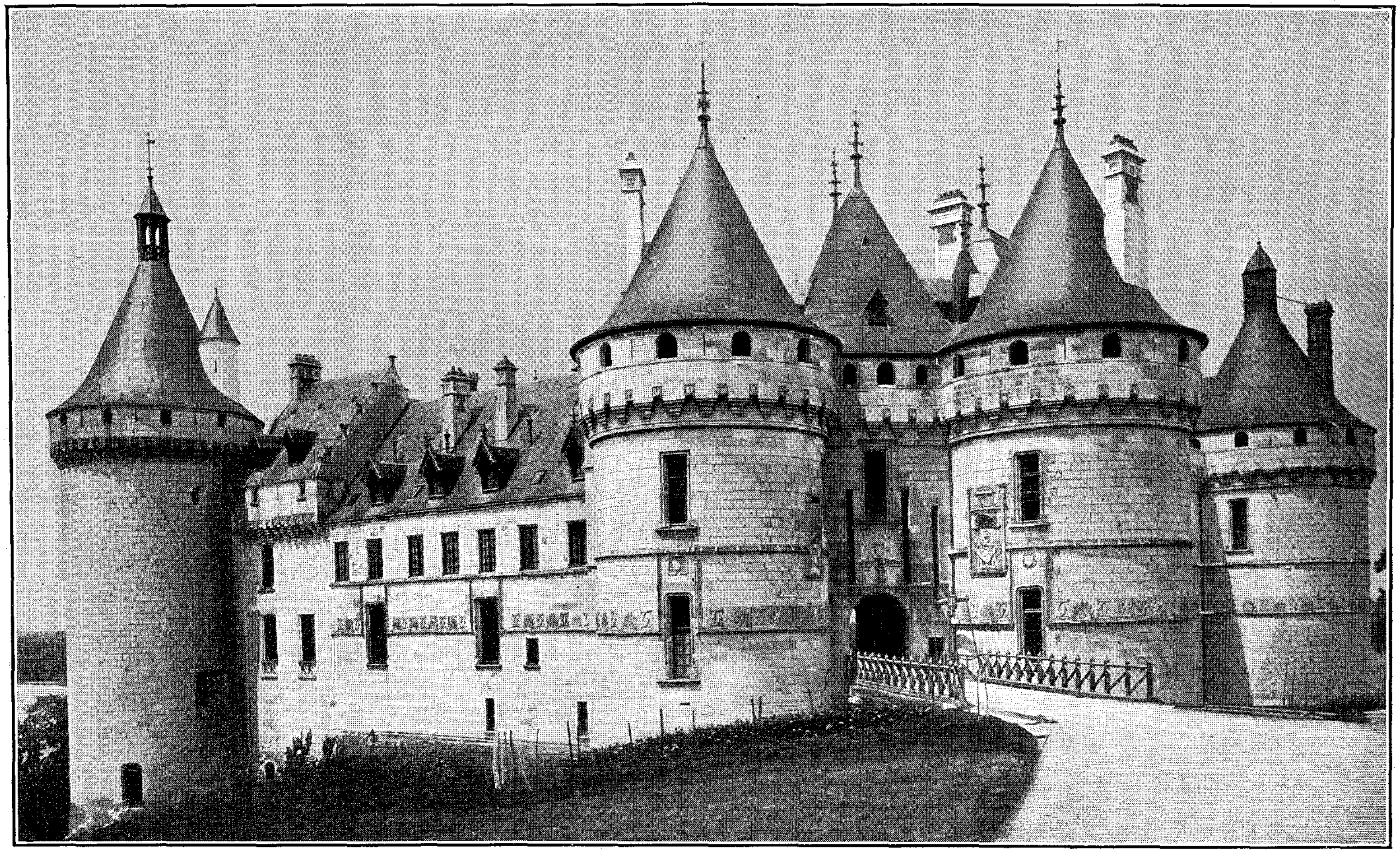
Half the charm of Touraine flows with and from the Loire—a large, slow, meditative stream, shallow for long stretches and then full, tranquil, carrying life into the heart of the landscape and giving back in softened radiance the light of the sky. The breadth of the horizons, the gradual, rich undulations of fertile meadows and green fields, the low-lying hills, the broad arch of the sky—all these elements combine to give Touraine the charm of peace and fruitfulness. As one looks across to the towers of Tours from the battlements of Amboise, where the Huguenots were hung in a long, shuddering line for the delectation of Mary, Queen of Scots, a sense of restfulness and rich reward for the labors of the field seems to rise from the very soil, and one feels that it must be a pleasant country to live in.

And a very pleasant city is Tours. its ancient capital. Coming out of the court of one of the most charming hotels in the world—a hotel with the most pretentious of names and the most delightful air of good manners and genial hospitality—the visitor finds himself on a shaded street, through the center of which run three or four rows of trees with park-like effect, and almost directly opposite the new Hôtel de Ville; one of the many public buildings in modern France which make one realize with what deep feeling the French interpret the dignity and significance of public life in architecture, with what insight and skill they deal with large spaces and great structures with reference not only to their uses but to their surroundings. The little provincial city is a model of cleanness and order; open to the sun and yet escaping the glare which makes many French towns almost unbearable in summer. The narrow streets are often shaded; the little squares and parks are delicious bits of greenness; mysterious gates and doors open into gardens which wave their invitations to silence and seclusion over old walls; there is a massive quay, also sheltered by much foliage, and there are bridges which are a joy to the eye. No lover of French literature fails



THE CHÂTEAU OF BLOIS

The Great Staircase (Wing of Francis First).



THE CHÂTEAU OF CHAUMONT

to look at the house in the Rue Royale, now the Rue Nationale, in which the rich, complex, laborious genius of Balzac first saw the light, or to spend a pleasant half-hour behind the cathedral trying to decide which of the old houses that abut on the little *place* was the home of Mademoiselle Gamard, the ominous and fateful central figure in "Le Curé de Tours."

But one thinks of Tours chiefly as the strategic point from which the châteaux may be most comfortably and successfully assailed. These old structures are grouped at convenient distances, traversed by inconvenient trains. As a rule, the trains start too early and return too late, or they start so late and return so early that the traveler must choose between an excess of time or irreverent and undue haste. In any event, the trains may be counted upon to loiter through the rich country and to arrive behind time with a regularity worthy of a better cause. But these are small matters and important chiefly as they furnish material for humorous comment; one of the happiest things about rural Europe for Americans is that the curse of haste is not on it. And if one must choose between too generous or too meager a margin of time, it is wisest to be prodigal.

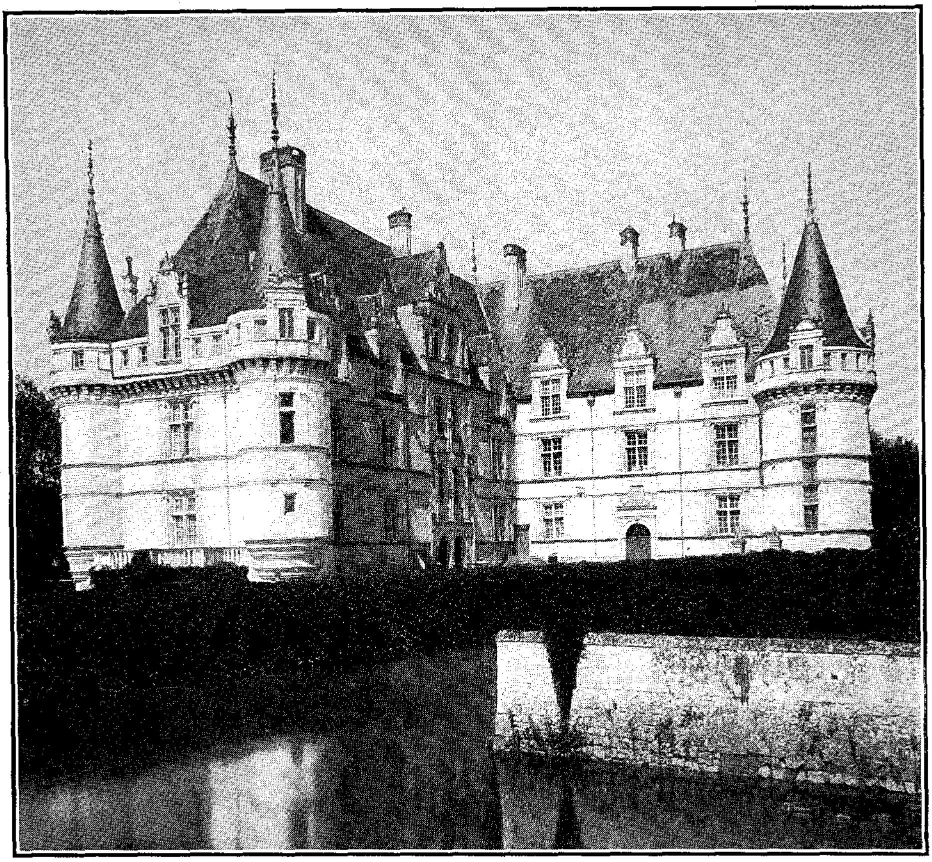
The Château de Blois is so profoundly interesting, both historically and architecturally, and so full of various kinds of beauty, that it ought to be kept to the very end of the journey. It is the climax of the whole experience, and those who stop off on the way down from Paris and see it first invert the true order of visitation. It is wise to begin with Langeais; first, because it is within easy driving distance from Tours, and, second, because it is a link between the older and the later châteaux, between the feudal castle and the stately Renaissance mansion. No castle has a more severe exterior nor a more massive front. The great gray tower rises across the moat like a menace to the little town, and when the visitor crosses the drawbridge he feels as if he were passing into some ancient keep. Instantly, however, he emerges into a sunny court upon which a hundred windows look down, and behind him a charming garden overlooks the many-gabled houses and high-peaked ancient roofs. The battlements which face the little town with frowning front mask the elegance of the Renaissance, with its lovely terraces, its formal gardens, its free and buoyant social life. There are very old rooms in Langeais; small, bare, somber, with the diminutive windows which pierced the walls of the old castles without diminishing their strength; but there are also spacious halls and great chambers furnished in the mediæval fashion, with hanging tapestries, canopied beds, hooded chairs, carven chests. The air of a vanished social habit pervades the old château in which Anne of Brittany was married to Charles VIII. the year before Columbus caught the glow of light on the New World. The road upon which one returns to Tours runs for a long distance on the dike which protects the countryside from the encroachments of the Loire when the spring floods go roaring by, and is as charming a drive as one finds in Touraine. The round towers of the Château de Luynes are softened by the late afternoon light, and the ruined castle of Cinq-Mars vividly recalls the brilliant young favorite of Louis XIII., whose tragic story was typical of that age of weak kings, intriguing women, and ambitious and merciless ministers.

The charm of these old houses is felt most deeply at Chenonceaux and Azay-le-Rideau. To the first belong the associations of royalty and the more striking picturesqueness of aspect; to the second the fresher sense of refined domesticity, felt not only within the castle but in the exquisite park which surrounds it. The approach to Chenonceaux through the long avenue of sycamores prepares one for the first glimpse of its delicate façade, full of the grace of a time which knew how to touch the hardest stone with lightness and to make architecture speak the language of sentiment. The high roof, with its hooded windows elaborately carved, is in the key of the façade, and the front conveys an impression of hospitality high-bred, gracious, and open-hearted. The moat is flanked by gardens, and the drawbridge is a device rather than a necessity of the structure, which is related not to the waste of war but to the most elegant arts of peace.

Two features give this stately château a character all its own. It was originally built on the foundations of an old mill, and rests on piles of solid masonry. Catherine de' Medici, a true child of the Italian Renaissance in her tastes as in her vices, extended these foundations across the Cher, and carried the château boldly across the river; and on these foundations built two galleries. The lower is a long corridor, from the windows of which one looks down into the river flowing under the château; the upper room is an elegant gallery, defaced by much bad modern decoration and many unimportant pictures. The whole structure has a festive air, the atmosphere of a social life which was always *en fête*—urbane, polished, elegant, imparting to trifles the dignity of a harmoniously consistent life of pleasure. It is easy to recall the vanished splendor of that gay, intriguing, elaborately dressed period in these beautiful rooms; to look out of the windows and catch glimpses of courtiers and ladies-in-waiting walking through the formal gardens. Here, as in the most frowning royal château, elegance masked the ever-recurring tragedy of a society which drew its breath only in the favor of kings. From this exquisite retreat Catherine de' Medici drove Diana of Poitiers after the death of Henry II. Here, at a later and happier time, French society was seen at its best in the middle of the eighteenth century. Here, wrote Rousseau in 1747, "we amused ourselves greatly; . . . we made a great deal of music, and acted comedies." Here George Sand visited her grandfather, Dupin de Francueil, long after the château had passed out of royal hands. At sunset, when the soft light lies over the Touraine landscape and the shadows of the beautiful house float on the quiet river which washes its foundations with gentle caressings, there are few places so full of enchantment as Chenonceaux.

The little village, with its white houses standing at every angle on the narrow streets, runs to the very gate of the Château of Azay-le-Rideau, and abruptly stops; within those gates the France of two hundred years ago lives unspoiled, to the eye at least, by the wasting flood of years. The approach to the sculptured doorway of the château strikes the note of the place—charming seclusion, refined domesticity, the elegance of a society untouched by commercialism; often corrupt but rarely vulgar. The château lacks majesty, but it has great dignity, the atmosphere of ancient association. It is encircled, like Chenonceaux, by a moat; round towers rise at either end and throw their shadows in the tideless waters of the Indre; there is a touch of the age of armor and tournaments as one makes his approach. But this impression is dissipated the moment one sets foot in the old hall or passes to the front. Here all is lightness, grace, hospitality. There is a narrow terrace, a broad pond in which the château must often sleep on summer afternoons, and about the whole a park, well but not too wisely cared for; with those occasional statues which emphasize the ripeness and quiet of old French and Italian gardens.

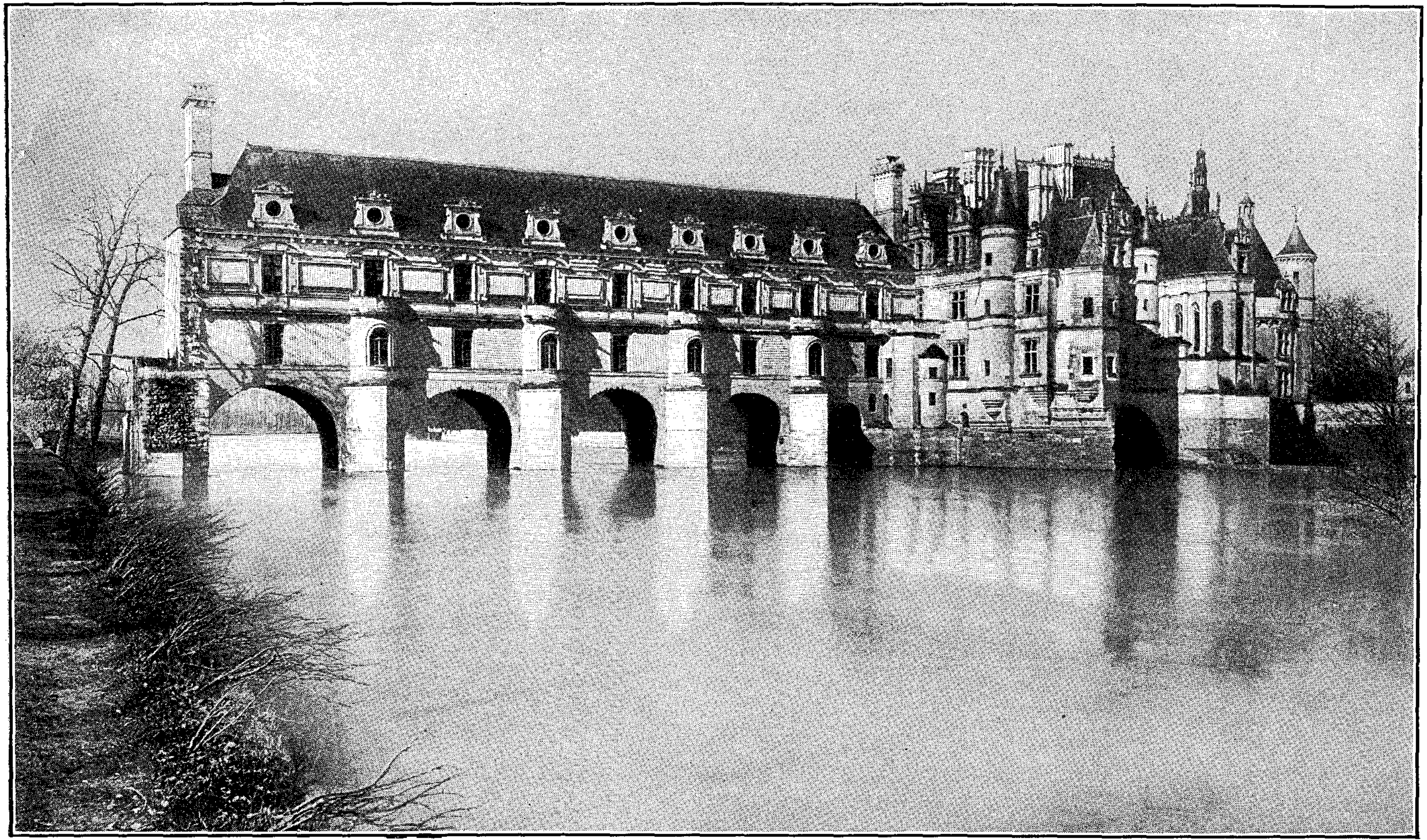
The château is best seen from the more modern front, where its many windows look down into the motionless waters of the pond as in a mirror, and the greenness of the park environs it. Here one feels its charm most deeply. Between the massive towers and lonely dungeons of Loches and the carven chimneys and delicate traceries on the walls of Azay-le-Rideau lies the great transition from feudalism to the Renaissance; from organized individualism, mailed and intrenched, to that graceful and free life of men and women in society which registers the highest civilization of the French and was their chief contribution to the wealth of the race. Of this château the Abbé Chevalier wrote that it was "perhaps the purest expression of the *belle Renaissance françoise*." Beyond the richly carven portico there is a beautiful staircase which ascends, under a vaulted roof covered with delicate traceries of heraldic design, with many other symbols and signs conventionalized to give harmonious and rich effect to the most striking feature of the château. There are some fine rooms to be seen, and the interior, although rich



THE CHÂTEAU OF AZAY-LE-RIDEAU

neither in art nor in furnishings, does not lack elegance or interest. But one lingers longest in the park, and invites, by the open imagination, the return of the stately life which once centered there.

Of the Château d'Amboise it is not easy to speak briefly or with due restraint. Many things combine to give the château an almost inexhaustible interest: dignity and beauty of architecture; tragic or brilliant history; enchanting loveliness of situation; a terrace where the splendid day is softened into the most genial and tranquil summer warmth; and a fullness and richness of detail that stimulates the imagination at every turn. The approach could hardly be more effective as a picture: the fine bridge, the broad Loire, the straggling white-walled houses of the town stretched along the left bank of the river, the great ledge of rock rising abruptly behind the town, crowned with the dark battlements of the castle. Seen from the town it glooms portentous against the sky; approached by the winding road out of the very heart of the village it is gracious, hospitable, open to the sun and with charming outlooks on the fertile countryside. The road passes through a dark arched way, climbs to the upper entrance near the great round tower with its inclined driveway of stone up which Charles V. was driven when he visited the brilliant Francis I., and opens upon a small but beautiful court. There, poised on the edge of the cliff, is the exquisite miniature chapel of Saint Herbert, with its sculptured record of the hunt of that man of prayer—a delicate bit of cameo work among the churches of the world; so richly wrought by the chisel, so tenderly and subtly carven, that one recalls and understands the phrase by which the Florentines described their great sculptors, "masters



THE CHÂTEAU OF CHENONCEAUX

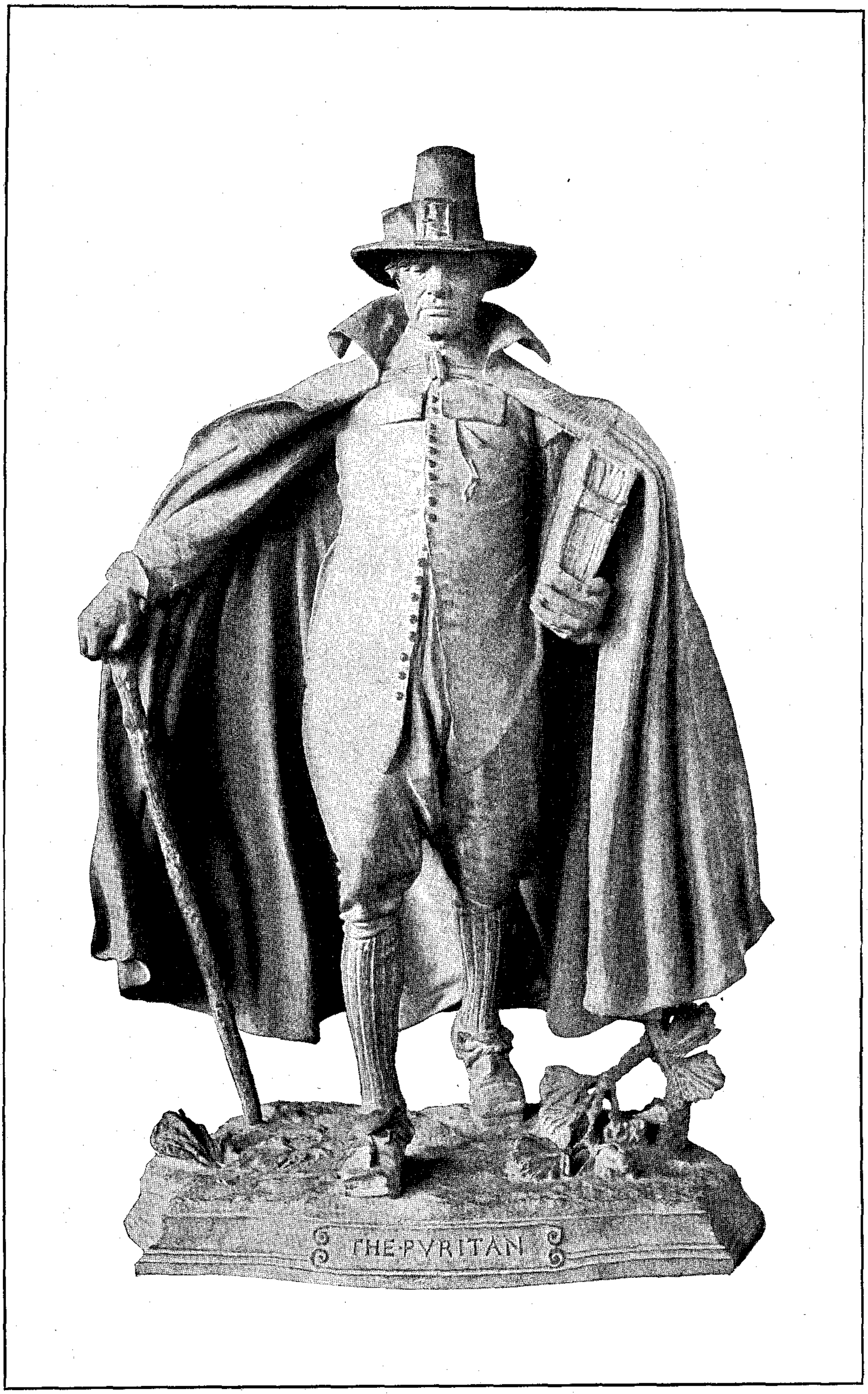
(Eastern View)

of live stone." The château, with its long lines of windows, its great towers, its lofty bastions and galleries which overhang immense depths, is very impressive, but the visitor longs to be out-of-doors; for among the great houses of Touraine none commands such wide horizons or opens to the eye such noble sunlit vistas. The terrace, shaded by rows of densely interwoven *tilleuls*, is a place to dream in. The Loire flows through the heart of the smiling landscape and gives it a light borrowed from the skies; far off, delicate and clear of outline against the soft, pale sky, rise the towers of the Cathedral of Tours.

The castle is crowded with history. The great tower at the northern end, with an inclined plane of the same construction as that within the tower at the entrance, is a mute reminder of the days when kings wore uncertain crowns and found other than ornamental uses for massive battlements. Here, in the sixteenth century, the court found safety and diversion; here Mary Stuart spent part of her brief married life with Francis the Second; here she shrank from the sinister entertainment of Huguenots hanging in a ghastly row from the great balustrade along the face of the north tower. To-day, in the sunlight, with the heart of the smiling country open as far as the eye can reach, these sad old stories seem incredible. The world is less picturesque, the feeling for art less sensitive and passionate, than in those older days; but how much kindness has taken from cruelty, and how much gentler human life has become!

And as one looks down on the broad, quiet river, he recalls that other and greater château which rises, towards Paris, out of the center of the ancient city of Blois. Of all the castles, this has the deepest historical and architectural interest. Here the story of the monarchy is most intimately recorded, and here the brilliant French Renaissance reached its culmination. Looking up from the little park, one sees the splendid wing built by Francis I.—one of the few splendid figures in the line of ignoble and ineffective kings—rising out of a mass of foliage, and feels that he is in the presence of a creative imagination dealing freely and with perfect skill with great masses of masonry; and there comes to one that sense of elation, that deep joy of the spirit, which perfection always evokes and liberates. Francis, Louis XII., and the eminently uninspired Gaston d'Orléans wrought together on this great house, and the incongruities are many; but the total effect is wonderfully gracious and beautiful. Within the court the eye and the imagination are at once filled with the exquisite beauty of the façade on which, under the direction of Francis, the genius of the French Renaissance flowered unfettered by tradition or convention. The rich and delicate sculpture, the balconies wrought with such magical cunning, the pillars and columns so strong and yet so massed and grouped and sunk in the noble plan that all their strength is changed to lightness and grace, the incomparable open stairway climbing like a vine from the court to the roof, the upper windows chiseled with so lavish and sure a hand, the heraldic salamander of the royal builder everywhere, the gargoyles, the statues: what lightness, delicacy, grace they gather and diffuse over the surface of stubborn stone! The interior, with its noble rooms of state, its galleries, its splendid ceilings and fireplaces, shows the uncertain hand of the restorer; but nothing can efface or change the invisible record written in the rooms in which Guise was struck down and Catherine de' Medici watched the awful shadows gather round her death-bed.

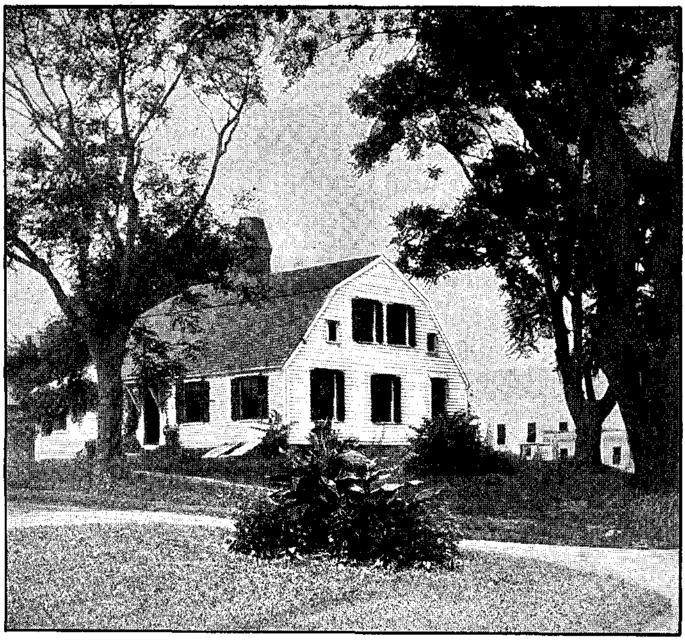
In the great houses in Touraine one seems to be re-reading two centuries of French history, with its intricate network of conspiracy and intrigue, its royal splendor and its courtly vice. In the ruins of Loches the story reaches the remote background of feudalism, and gathers volume and softness as it passes on to Blois, to Amboise, to Chenonceaux, and to Azay-le-Rideau. But the impression which survives is not of weak and profligate kings, but of a smiling, sunny land, and of the stately homes of an order of society which has vanished and left behind beautiful memorials in stone of its dignity, its charm, its love of art, and its sense of joy in beauty.


THE·PVRITAN

FROM THE REPLICA BY TIFFANY & CO.

THE PURITAN

Statue by Augustus St. Gaudens.



THE OLD HARLOW HOUSE AT PLYMOUTH

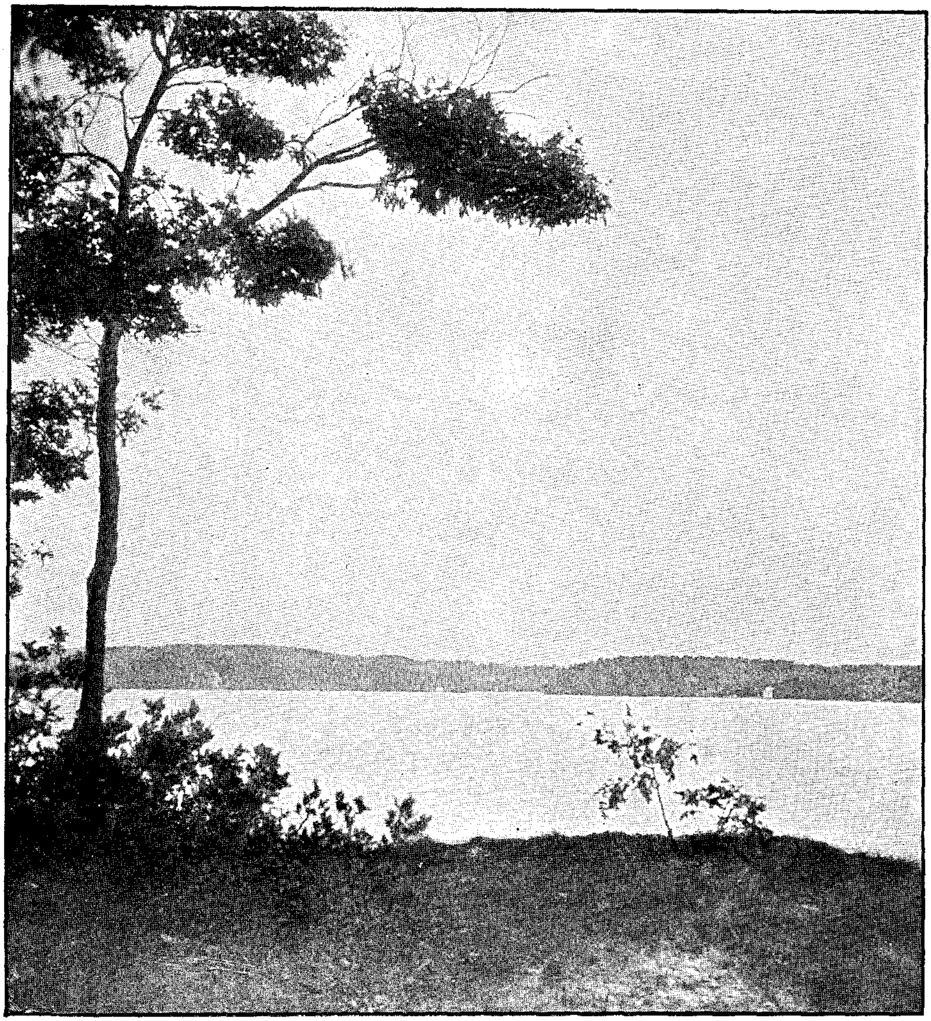
The Puritan and the Cavalier

By Henry Hoyt Moore

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

THREE hundred years ago Englishmen were beginning to spy out the land which was to be the future home of both Puritans and Cavaliers in the New World. In 1603 Martin Pring, in his little craft of sixty tons, the Speedwell, sailed into Plymouth Harbor, the forerunner of the Pilgrims; and the year before, Captain Gosnold had discovered and named Cape Cod. Within a few years this same Captain Gosnold was to navigate the "ship" Good-speed, of forty tons burden, as one of the three vessels that were to establish the colony at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. Virginia was a pretty inclusive term in those days, and a settler almost anywhere from South Carolina to the middle of Maine could have given himself the proud title of "a Virginian, sir." It was the irrepressible John Smith who, in one of those off days when he was neither having hair-breadth 'scapes nor writing about them, explored the Virginian coast from the Penobscot River to Cape Cod and called it "New England." We are going to have these incidents recalled to us with frequency and iteration in the next few years, for the era of tri-centennial anniversaries is upon us. Jamestown, the forgotten and ruinous, is preparing, or having prepared for her, a resurrection in the shape of a commemorative Exposition; and Plymouth will, when her turn comes, undoubtedly do something as big or bigger to show her regard for the forefathers and her satisfaction with them for having discovered and appreciated her.

It is easy to make parallels between the first two permanent English colonies in America. Both the Jamestown and the Plymouth expeditions started with almost the same number of prospective settlers—about one hundred in each case; both intended to settle in the southern part of "Virginia," the Pil-



"BILLINGTON SEA," NEAR PLYMOUTH

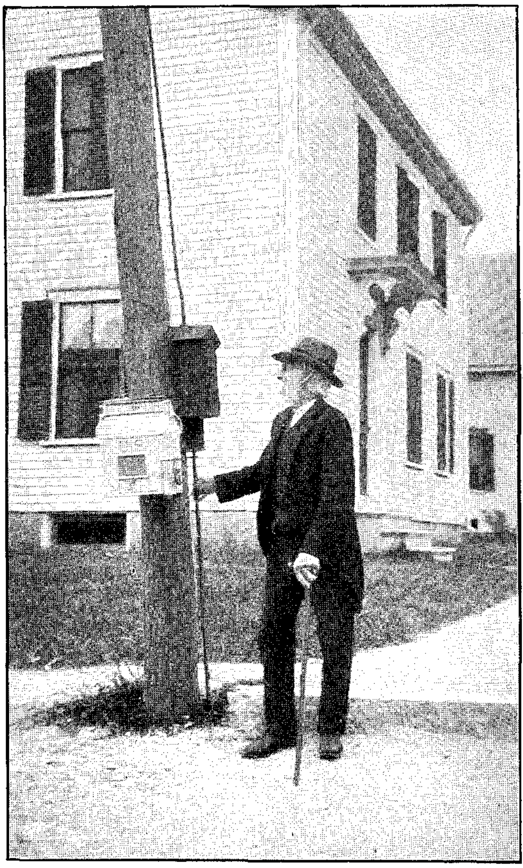
This beautiful lake is now included in Morton Park, belonging to the town of Plymouth.

grims planning to found their colony on the Delaware River rather than in "New England," and only weather and Providence preventing; both lost a large number of their original company by death within the first year; both had a "starving time" for a while; and both had men of sterling quality for leaders, though they had to contend with dissatisfaction among their followers. But points of dissimilarity also readily suggest themselves. The Jamestown colonists were more than half of them "gentlemen," either infected with the spirit of an age of adventure, or seeking to improve their fortunes in a land of gold, which, alas! when one of their captains returned to England with a shipload of it, proved to be only common mother earth. Nevertheless, they succeeded in a few years in turning that despised dirt into gold through the cultivation of tobacco; whereas the northern colonists landed on comparatively sterile shores, which from that time to this have yielded a living only through the application of the "New England virtues" of thrift, shrewdness, foresight, and hard work. The Mayflower company were poor people coming to a poor land; they were rich only in the sturdy qualities which caused them to emigrate. John Smith had thought "no motive other than riches would ever erect there a commonwealth or draw company from their ease and humours at home, to stay in New England." He forgot that religion can make martyrs more easily than can gold, and he did not happen to be acquainted with one William Brewster, who in a few years was to write of the little colony on that bleak coast, "It is not with us as with men whom small things discourage, or small things and contentments cause to wish themselves at home again."

Both colonies had their difficulties and setbacks, their heroes and martyrs, their times of trial and of triumph; but it is probably not unfair to say that the southern colony had by far the more favorable environment, such as was indeed sought by the Plymouth pioneers. Yet it was abandoned, while Plymouth has had a steady growth from the beginning.

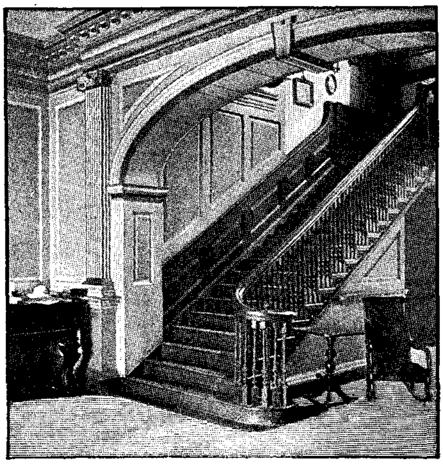
A Northerner who visits Plymouth and finds it the center of flourishing industries and the home of a prosperous and growing population, and then finds Jamestown a "deserted village" with a total population of fifteen inhabitants, including the caretakers of the ruins, might hastily ascribe the outcome solely to a difference in the characters of the original settlers. But this would not be fair. Though the Jamestown colonists may have been in part "gentlemen," and indisposed to manual labor, they soon threw off their coats and went to work to make the wilderness blossom, and with such a will that they made Jamestown for a hundred years the center of a most thriving colony. The Southern man has always proved himself capable of great outputs of energy when necessary, though the climate perhaps makes him willing to rest pretty frequently. Jamestown's abandonment was due to factitious circumstances which do not reflect on the character of her inhabitants. Plymouth's prosperity might have suffered equally had she been similarly situated. This may be said while admitting, of course, the differences in the character of the two groups of settlers, which had their effect in the history of the colonies.

One of the things that probably differentiated the Puritan colony from that of the Cavaliers—and it is hardly necessary to say that I use both terms somewhat loosely and for the purpose of making a distinction—was in the religious seriousness of the former. The Pilgrims had suffered for their convictions; they had the willingness to make the best of hard conditions which misfortune and persecution confer on sterling characters; and though perhaps, as has been said, they did not come to the New World to establish religious liberty, they certainly came to get that liberty for themselves if not for others. A company of "gentlemen," on the other hand, is usually characterized by conformity if not conventionality and indifference in religious



THE OLD PLYMOUTH SEA CAPTAIN

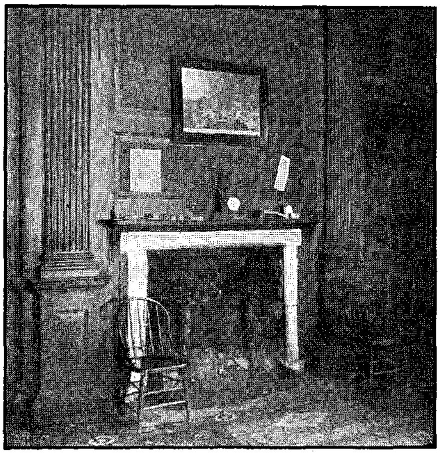
matters. So it is in Plymouth that one to-day looks for and sees abundant evidence of the religious ferment of the past, at any rate, in the multiplicity of churches and in the strong denominational spirit. Besides the two "only original" Churches of the Pilgrims, there are those of a dozen sects, including, I was told, a Mormon mission! There seems nothing specially Puritanical, however, either in architecture without or service within, about the somewhat garish-looking and painfully new structure which a stranger, after reading rival inscriptions, concludes is the really-truly Puritan church. There is a popular idea that the Puritans favored extreme simplicity in worship, and objected to such things as responsive readings, choir-singing, musical instruments in the house of the Lord, stained-glass decorations, etc., etc. The introduction of these things into the Church of the Pilgrims might surprise and distress an old-time Puritan, but they prove how far has been the drift from early days, and how inevitably the old order changes and churches become unconsciously transformed in outward things at least.



THE GREAT HALL AT CARTER'S GROVE

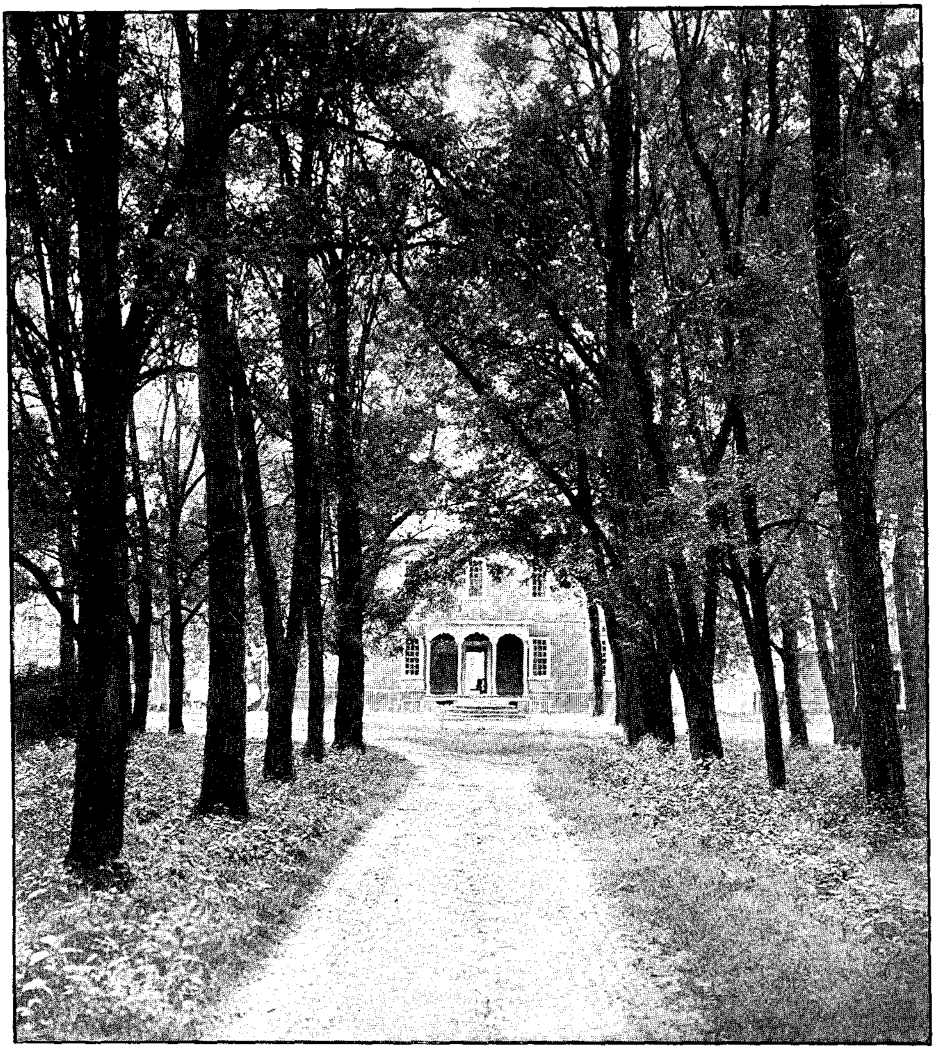
27 feet wide and 40 feet long.

So, sometimes, does the spirit of a community change with changing conditions. During my stay in Plymouth I met a delightful elderly lady of the old school, and she bemoaned the growing indifference to the spirit of old Plymouth on the part of the new generation. This was not only in thought but in manners. "When I was a child," she said, "everybody went to lectures and to public meetings. We children used to hear the great orators when they spoke on the village green, in outdoor meetings, and we were taught to be courteous to strangers, and to give our seats to them and to our elders if they were needed. Every child knew about 'our ship,' the Mayflower, and was proud of belonging to old Plymouth; and we young people tried to live up to the faith and the spirit of the Fathers. But the things that inspired us in those days seem to be only memories now." An eventful life and many misfortunes had not changed the high faith and optimistic spirit of the sweet-voiced old Puritan lady, and I am inclined to think that the change she spoke of was not altogether in her, but corresponded to an outward reality. For one thing, Plymouth is no longer, as within the memory of living persons it formerly was, a homogeneous community of descendants of the Pilgrims. A century ago a foreigner must have been a great curiosity in Plymouth streets; now nearly half of its population of nine or ten thousand are foreigners or of foreign parentage. Walking along one of its residence streets on Sunday, I asked a question as to direction of a respectably dressed citizen whom I saw approaching. "Excoose mi, I no spik Inglese," was the apologetic answer I received.



THE DINING-ROOM AT CARTER'S GROVE

The black walnut wainscoting has been on the walls for nearly two centuries.

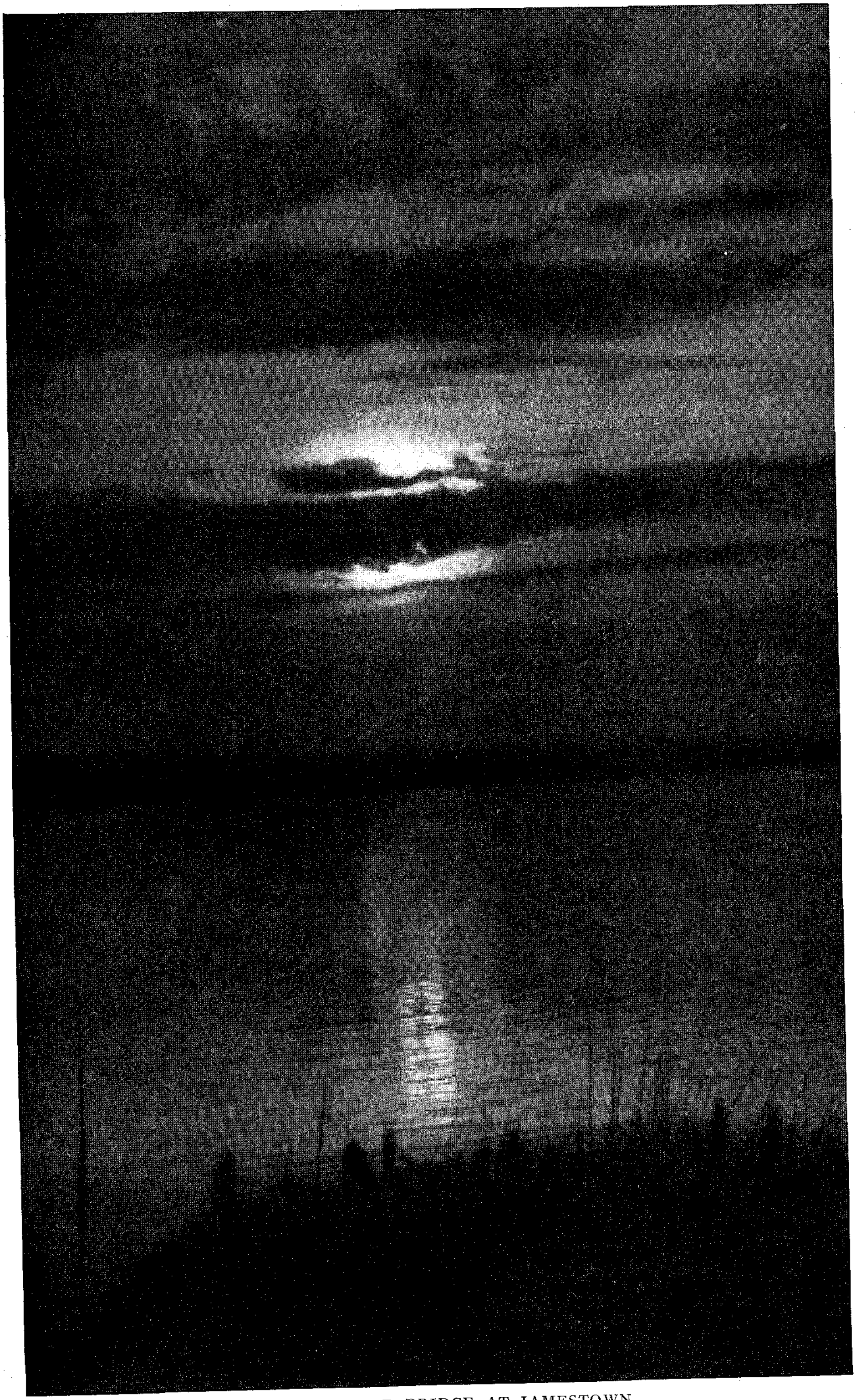


THE APPROACH TO CARTER'S GROVE

This fine old house was built in the year 1730, by Lewis Burwell, who married the daughter of "King" Carter, one of the great landholders of Colonial Virginia.

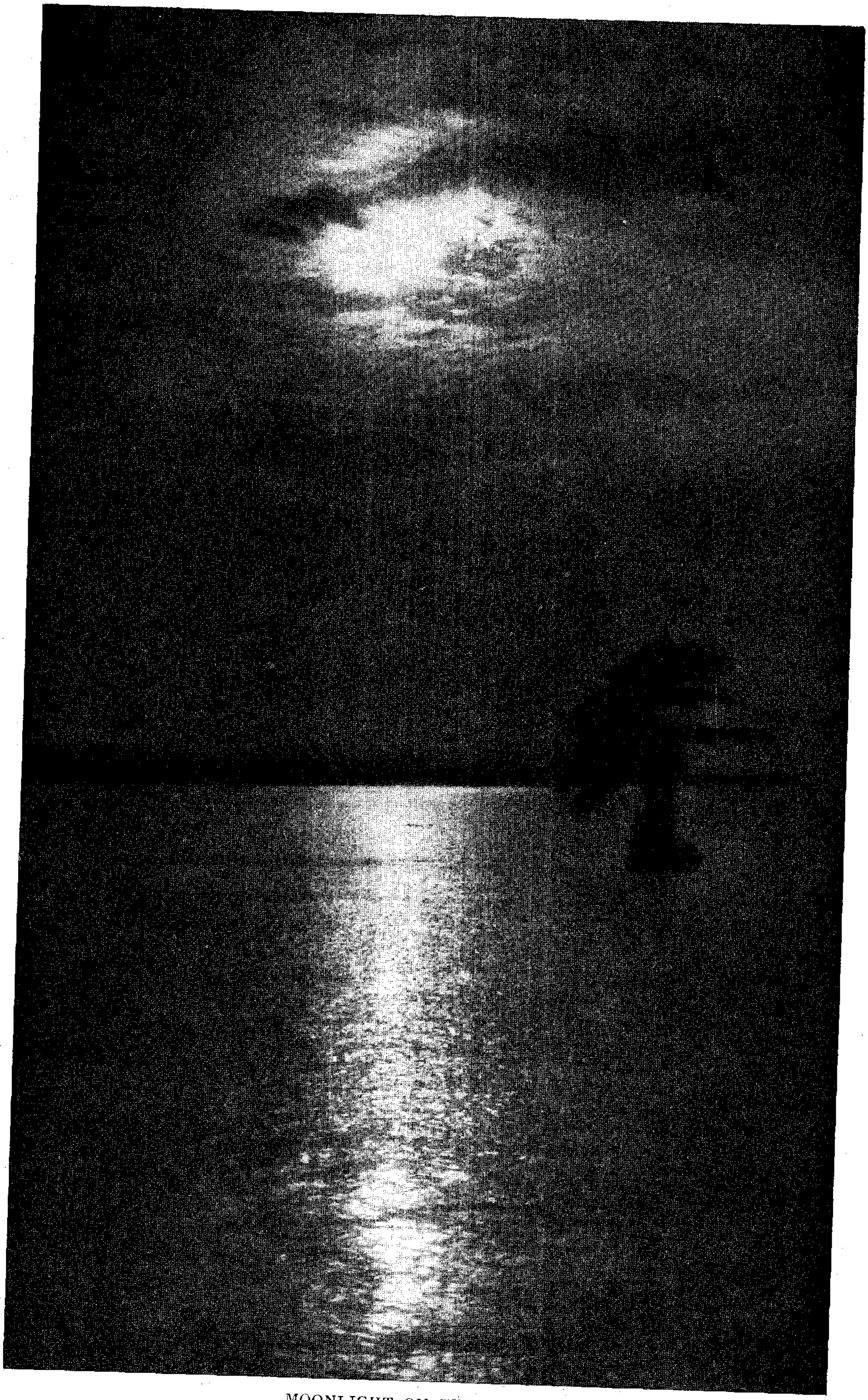
The foreign element is everywhere in evidence, on the streets and in the factories, and it is indifferent to the glories of old Plymouth. The influences which have made New York and Boston cosmopolitan rather than distinctively American cities are also changing the character of the first American home of the Pilgrims. If the "spirit of the fathers" is to remain the animating principle of the community, it must be conserved in the newer population. No doubt it is still the latent guiding principle of the community as a whole, and can be depended on to exhibit something of its original quality whenever great occasions call for its manifestation.

Prosperity is having its influence, too, both on the spirit of Plymouth's people and in their attitude toward life. A community which in the early days found the effort to maintain existence so arduous that it could not establish a common school for its children until many years after the landing at Plymouth Rock has at last become well-to-do if not rich. The largest cordage works in the country are at Plymouth; the town brook is lined with busy factories; hosts of summer visitors bring



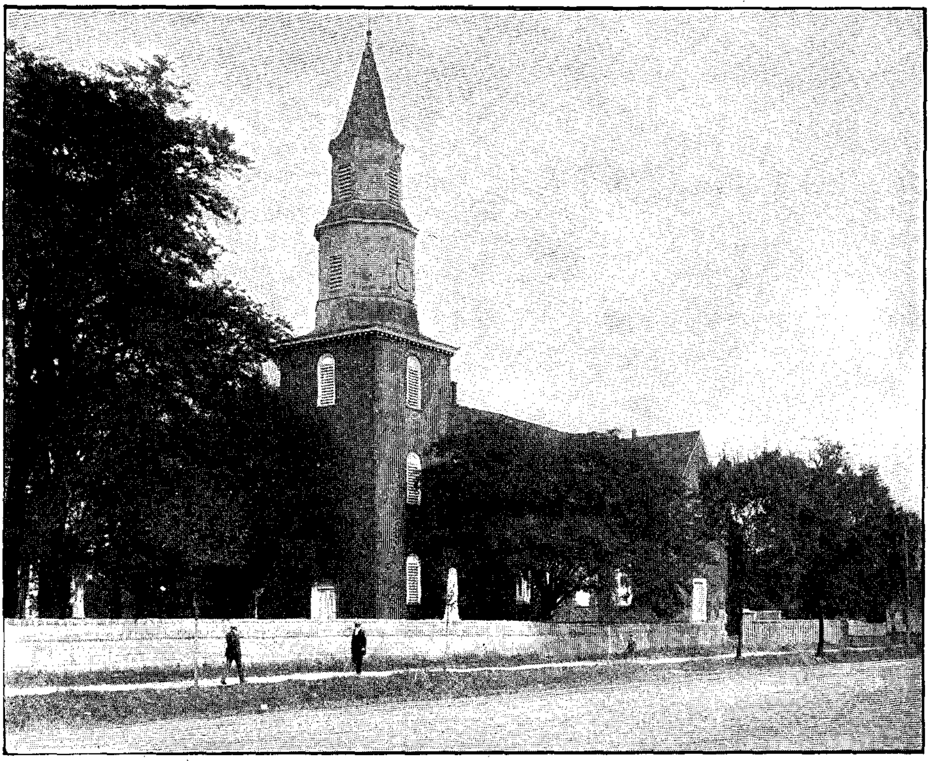
FROM THE OLD BRIDGE AT JAMESTOWN

Jamestown was originally founded on a peninsula. The river long ago converted the peninsula into an island, which is connected with the mainland by a wooden bridge.



MOONLIGHT ON THE JAMES

A considerable portion of Jamestown's shore-line has been swept away by the river, which is here a noble stream over two miles wide. The cypress-tree seen in the river was on the edge of the island in the year 1834.



BRUTON CHURCH IN OLD WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

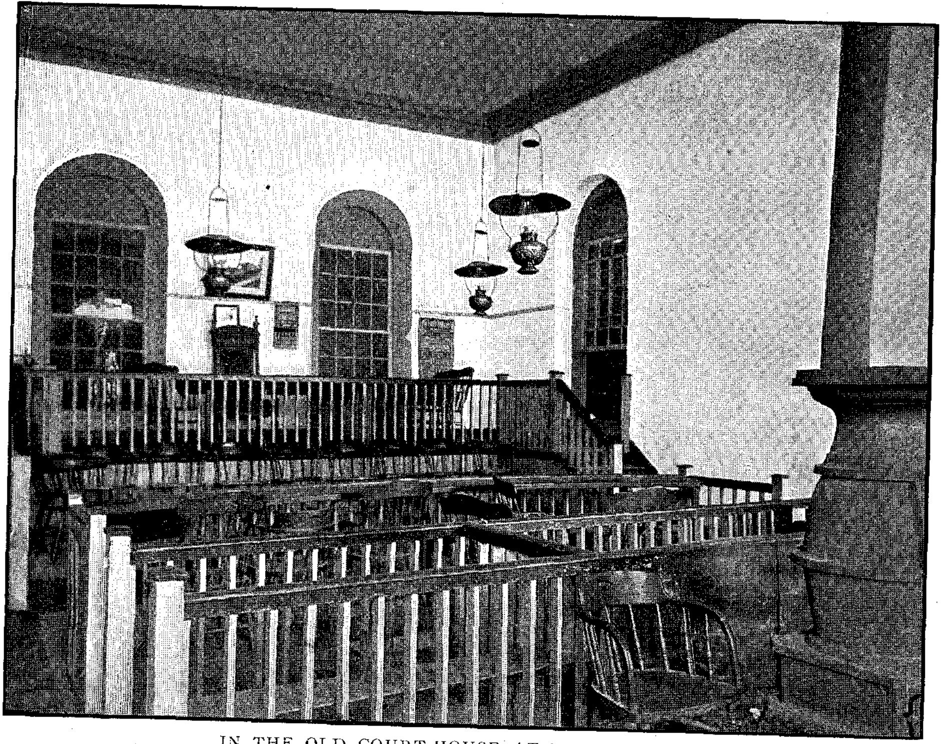
Five Presidents of the United States have worshiped in this church (built in 1678).

prosperity to the stores and hotels, and everywhere are to be seen comfortable and even elegant homes, the material results of generations of thrift. The old strenuous days are past, the people are beginning to take life more easily, luxury is becoming a virtue where it used to be a sin; social clubs and memorial libraries show that the habit of hoarding, of skimping and saving, which used to be regarded as a characteristic trait of the typical New Englander, has given place to a more liberal idea of the uses of money. The rugged-featured, severe, solemn face, the traditional Puritan physiognomy, is still to be traced on Plymouth streets, but the type is passing and the features are filling out and becoming placid and content as the struggle for existence grows less onerous. The bright-faced, high-bred children are not patterning after the physiognomy of the traditional Puritan, and one finds that they are now permitted really to enjoy life even on Sunday! One does not, indeed, meet the idealized Priscilla during his rambles about the old town, but then probably she was only an artist's dream, and, anyway, she was an English girl. Neither does a promenade on the main street cause one to recall as appropriate here Thoreau's remark about the women of Cape Cod, " A strict regard for truth obliges us to say that the few women whom we saw that day looked exceedingly pinched up." Pretty faces are not too common anywhere in this plain world, and, with the present tendency continuing, fifty years hence will see as many of them here, probably, as—in the reader's own town, for instance.

Speaking of Priscilla, there is the Rock where she first set her dainty foot. High and dry it is now, but it may have been a convenient landing-place three hundred odd years ago, even though the early records make no mention of landing on a rock, and we are dependent on tradition for the fame of Plymouth Rock. The Rock, after various vicissitudes of travel—for it has been moved about from place to place in the town, though it has not yet been transported by freight-car through the country, like Philadelphia's Liberty Bell—has been put back in its original position, and, with a huge granite "canopy" above it, is now the Kaaba stone daily of hundreds of latter-day pilgrims, though instead of kissing this holy stone our pilgrims touch it with their feet, in the popular pastime of walking over it. "So that's Plymouth Rock, where the Pilgrims first landed in the New World," is the usual comment; and though this popular misapprehension takes no account of the earlier landing at Cape Cod, nor of the exploring party which landed at Plymouth some days earlier than the traditional "landing of the Pilgrims," the Rock and the story about it give us all something for the patriotic imagination to focus upon, and that is a great convenience. Long may the Rock endure! And if it is carefully guarded it may last a good while, in spite of the placard on a neighboring curio shop, "A small piece of the original Plymouth Rock will be given with each souvenir spoon purchased"!

The Rock is undoubtedly the oldest thing in Plymouth. New England thrift has kept rebuilding the old colonial houses until there are few of the ancient landmarks left. "This house contains some of the original timbers, but it has been rebuilt and remodeled," is the discouraging reply one gets to questions about the old houses. The old Doten house, the oldest in Plymouth, was pulled down a few years ago. It was falling to pieces, and it would not "pay" to keep it standing, I was told. That is the practical New England point of view. It certainly keeps things looking spick and span about New England villages, but it causes disappointment to the seeker for the picturesque. So with the interiors of most of the houses. "Where is all your fine old furniture?" a visitor whom I met told me she asked of a Plymouth friend. "Oh, it's all up garret at last; don't you think my new furnishings are lovely?" was the reply. So passes the glory of this world.

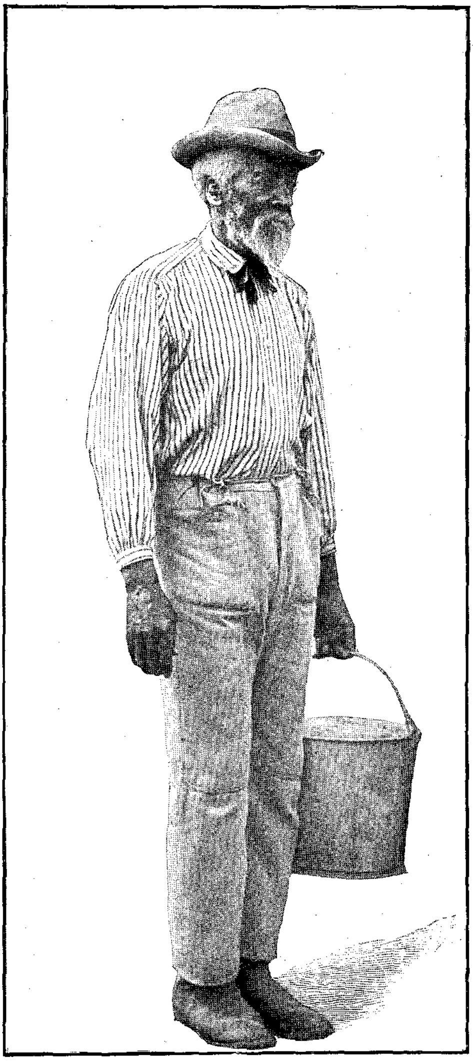
Whether it is due to climatic influences, or to a disposition to "take things



IN THE OLD COURT-HOUSE AT WILLIAMSBURG

easy" inherited from their Cavalier ancestors, there is much less of this determination to "keep up the place," to refurbish and rebuild, down in Virginia. There are plenty of old places in the neighborhood of Jamestown that have not suffered from the blight of "change that maketh all things new." Jamestown itself contains some very respectable "ruins," in which America is supposed to be fatally deficient. And in its neighborhood there are fine old places which were built to last longer than most of the Plymouth houses. Take such a place as the old Carter's Grove house, for instance. Its solid brick walls, four feet thick, are as firm as the day when they were finished; its massive foundations might be those of a fortress; its vast hall is larger than the ground plan of an ordinary city house; and its marble fireplaces and black-walnut wainscoting have, thanks to the good sense of its various owners, remained as designed by the original builders.

These fine old houses on the James were built by rich men, in a rich country, when tobacco was king; they were country seats, in which, surrounded by their black retainers, lived the feudal lords of colonial America, wielders of political power, molders of opinion, dispensers of a lavish hospitality in their great houses. One feels, in visiting these places in old Virginia, that the day of their Cavalier owners is even more irrevocably past than that of the Puritans. The host of retainers have gone, freed by a great war; the political and social power has passed to other hands, in other sections; economic conditions have been revolutionized; only the spirit of hospitality remains. The land and the houses are here, but the soil is in some places exhausted, and there is a dearth of workers to carry on the former activities. The negro population is leaving both field and house service for the excitements and the easier work of the cities; the sons and daughters of their old-time masters are following their example; the Cavalier of ante-bellum times, if he still survives, seems out of place in his old home. Though he may cheerfully recognize the necessity of the new order of things, he lives in the past; and in the very tones in which he addresses his few negro laborers one can see the impatience with which the sometime "master" views his new position as "employer," and an employer who must be tactful or lose even the few laborers that he has. His sons, indeed, are becoming the makers of the New South, but they do not stay on the old place; they become business and



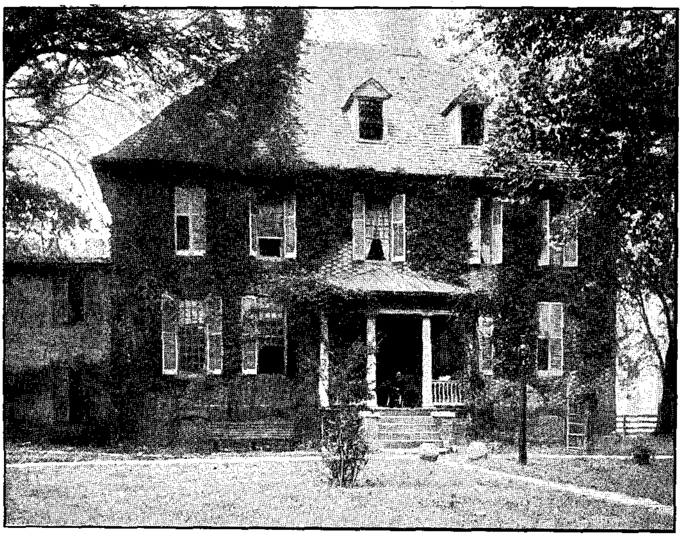
UNCLE TOM

A survivor of the old régime. Born in Williamsburg 83 years ago.

professional men who live in the cities, and they will not for a moment think of returning to live on the home plantation when the old Cavalier shall finally pass away. His daughters, instead of marrying neighboring plantation-lords, as in the old times, go into the larger world of the cities or the North to win fame for their brains or their beauty. The pathos of a vanished greatness is over the home of the old Cavalier, and one feels toward him something of the regretful pity that one experiences in reading of Napoleon at St. Helena.

While the Puritan of the newer generation is just beginning to learn how to take things easily in his old home, the twentieth-century Cavalier is taking his first lessons in the strenuous life. The young men are building up the cities of the South, and the bustle and business of Norfolk and Richmond are quite in contrast with the easy-going habits of the old days. A city contractor whom I met told me of apartment-houses that he was building in Richmond—something until recently unheard of there—and of the equally strange phenomena of labor unions and strikes, showing how thoroughly modern the place is becoming! With the steady trend of population to the cities, the growth of a new type of Southern gentleman may be looked for; less courtly, perhaps, but more methodical in his habits; less hospitable, possibly, in his city domicile, but more tolerant of dissenting opinion with a wider acquaintance; less dominant, but more capable of steady application to affairs; not so fond of politics, but equally absorbed in the game of business; less visionary and more practical, accepting the world as it is and planning for what it is to be, rather than dreaming of the past.

One of the places in which even the Northerner, however, finds it easy to dream of the past in Virginia, is the old town of Williamsburg, a few miles from Jamestown, and its successor as the capital of Virginia. Not that the description of it quoted in Ellen Glasgow's novel, "The Voice of the People," that it "dozes in the present to dream of the past and dread the future," is any longer exactly true. Within the last few years a railroad has come to this old capital city or rather village, a factory also, new houses have been built, and business and population have increased. It is the tourist who has reason to dread the future, for progress always mars the picturesque side of an old town. But though there are evidences of change in Williamsburg, they are comparatively slight. A restful feeling comes over one as he gazes from the piazza of the inn at the cows peacefully pasturing on



THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE

Built with money from the private exchequer of Louis XVI. of France.

the village common close by the steps of the old court-house. He remembers that Patrick Henry uttered his famous "Treason" speech in this old town, and that here Chief Justice Marshall matured his wisdom. Up the street stands the church in which five Presidents have worshiped, and in the old graveyard one may find evidence that some at least of the Virginians can lay good claim to Cavalier ancestors, notwithstanding the "mixed cargoes" of some of the emigrant ships. And as one opens the broken iron gate—long may that gate remain unrepaired!—of old William and Mary College, he seems linked with the past of both the New and Old Worlds. For before him is a noble old residence erected by a French King, or with money sent by him for the purpose. Here, one remembers, or more probably learns, the French troops were quartered during the Revolutionary War, and carelessly burned down the college president's house one fine night when they were unusually merry; and Louis XVI. generously accepted the responsibility for their acts and had the house rebuilt. In the quiet old library of the college one sees the portraits of the Cavaliers and their ladies, and hears a son of one of America's Virginian Presidents tell of the brave days of old. Is it not a place in which to dream of the Cavaliers and their romances? And as, in the delightful September air, one drives over the road to the "deserted village" of Jamestown, seven miles away, through pleasant pine woods and past primitive shanties, over an occasional stretch of corduroy, past a reminder of the war in the shape of overgrown earthworks, or the suggestion of an older time in an abandoned "King's mill," he wonders what is to be the fate of this goodly land, the Cavaliers' heritage. Are rich Northerners coming down to possess the land and renovate these fine old estates, as they have done in some cases? Or are the sons of the Cavaliers, when they have built up a new South, a manufacturing and commercial South, in the cities, and have repaired their fortunes, to return again to the homes of their fathers, when country life shall again become fashionable here as in old England? Or is the "silent bush-boy" by my side, the yellow American, my driver through these pleasant places, to become resourceful and ambitious and to come into possession of this Canaan that is being abandoned for wider careers by the scions of his fathers' masters? There have been ironies of history as strange.

ON THE WAY TO COURT

Mr. Yeats and the Irish Literary Revival

By Horatio S. Krans

MR. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, dramatist, and critic, is now visiting this country. Mr. Yeats's poems, plays, and essays, known to lovers of poetry and good literature all over the English-speaking world, have prepared the way before him, and he is receiving a hearty welcome here. Mr. Yeats is the representative man of the Irish literary revival. Most of us in America know in a general way of the intellectual awakening in Ireland and of the work in drama, poetry, and fiction of a group of Irishmen who have been opening up the life of Ireland, past and present, to the sympathy of the world, and throwing a new light upon Irish human nature. But perhaps few of us are aware how close this literary movement is to the heart of Ireland and how great an influence it is having upon Irish life.

Nothing ever begins, it is said, and this literary revival, or Celtic renaissance as it is sometimes called, has its ancestry. It is, in its poetry, in the line of descent from Callanan and Walsh, and the "Nation" writers, especially Mangan and Ferguson; in fiction it is not unrelated to the Banims, Griffin, Carleton, Miss Edgeworth, Lover, and Lever. Between the time of the "Nation" writers and the fall of Parnell the old literary activity was on the wane. Ireland seemed to have lost all taste for literature and art. After the break-up of Parnell's political ship the stream of national energy, which had poured entirely into the stormy sea of politics, took, in part, another channel. At this moment Ireland seems to have awakened to a realization that, while for years people had been in hot pursuit of political and agrarian reforms and material ends in general, they had forgotten to cherish and cultivate the finer elements of the national spirit.

Filled with this idea, a group of young literary men sprang up in Ireland, resolved to hold fast to the noblest elements of Irish life and character, and to present them to the world in a worthy literary form.

The first achievement of the literary revival was to bring into poetry written in English an unexhausted mythology, tales from the great cycles of Irish romance, and a wealth of legends and folk-lore. Writers in full sympathy with the Celtic spirit gave themselves to the modernizing of the Irish heroic romances, artfully interweaving the old legends with more universal hopes and traditions. Among those who have done this with success are Dr. Todhunter, Mr. Larminie, and Miss Nora Hopper.

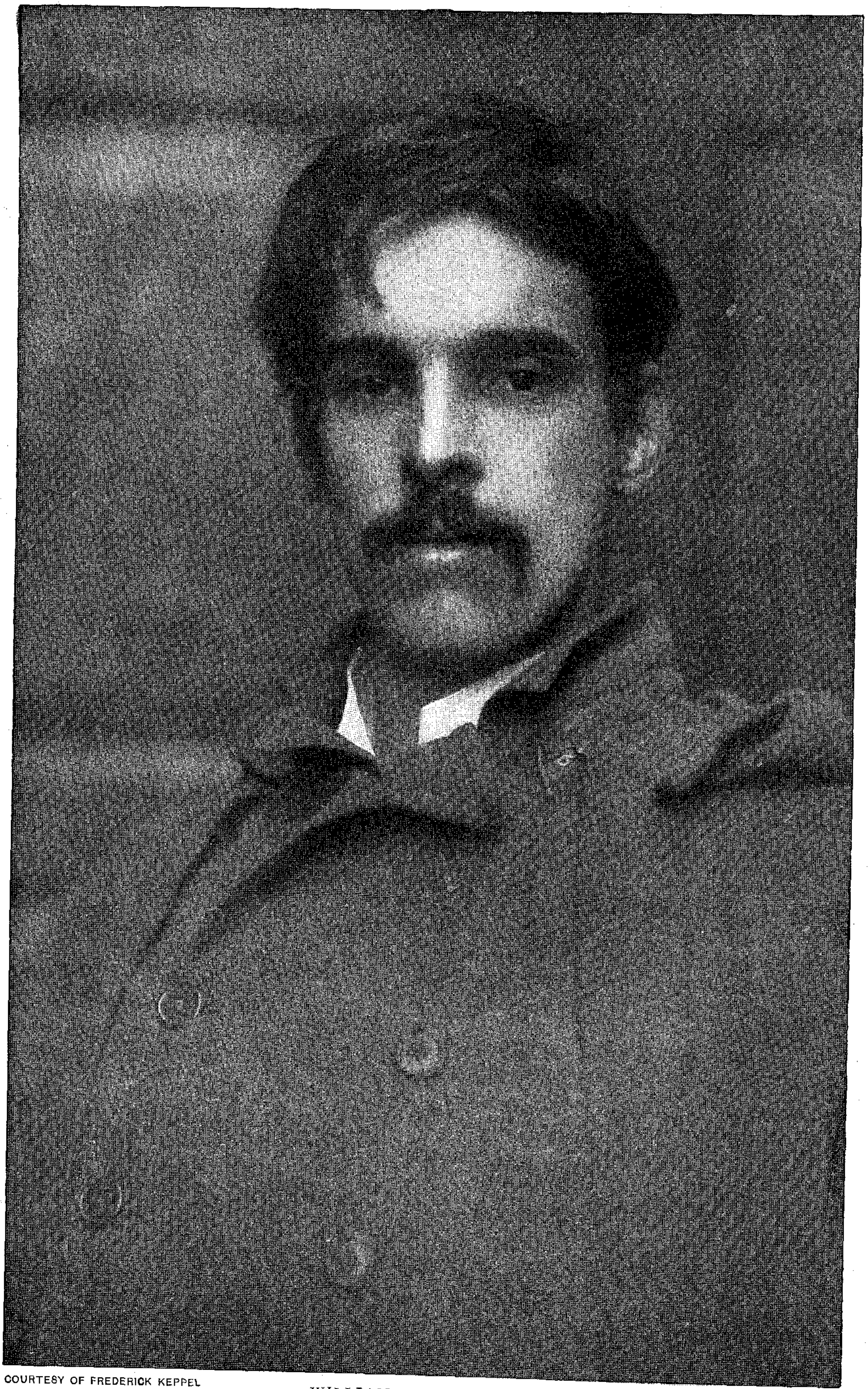
One band of writers devoted themselves to translating from the Irish, and of these Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Hyde, and Lady Gregory must be mentioned. Dr. Sigerson, distinguished as a physician, a scientist, and a historian, has as perhaps his highest distinction the service he has rendered to the literature of the Gael. His book, "Bards of the Gael and Gaul," is an important contribution to the Celtic revival, and indispensable to those who have no Gaelic and are curious to form some idea of Irish versification. It is a book of translations, containing representative examples from over a thousand years of Irish poetry. No contemporary name is better known to the Irish people than that of Dr. Douglas Hyde—An Craoibhin, to give him his Gaelic designation—and none has become more endeared to them than his. Dr. Hyde is, of course, primarily to be identified with the language movement, but he has a place here too. He is the President of the Gaelic League, the organization for the preservation of the Irish language, which now counts its membership by thousands upon thousands, and is having a strong tonic effect upon the life of the whole nation. Notable among his translations are the lyrics in "The Love Songs of Connaught," poems so full of freshness and power, of grace and fire, and of so good a literary quality in general that the lover of poetry will begrudge so fine a talent to propaganda and mere scholarship. Since the appearance of her "Cuchulain of Muirtemne" all will delight to accord to Lady Gregory a foremost place, to which her book is the title, among those who have helped readers of English to enjoy a share of Ireland's contribution to the literature of the world. The "Cuchulain" is a version of the Red Branch cycle—the great cycle of Irish romance. It aims to do for the mediæval Irish stories what Malory did for the Arthurian tales.

A religious poetry, as Irish in tone as the remakings of Celtic romance and the translations from Gaelic originals, is a phase of the literary revival. This poetry is chiefly Catholic, finding subjects and inspiration ready to its hand in the legendary world of saints and miracles, and in all the stories and passions that have grown up around the antiquity of the Church. The late Lionel Johnson, Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson), and Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter) are among these Catholic poets.

Akin to this religious poetry is the poetry of mysticism, a very important element in the Celtic revival. Some of the most finished work of the Irish poets has mysticism alone for its subject. Of the mystics Mr. William Russell, better known perhaps by his *nom de plume*, "A. E.," is the chief. His work is of rare delicacy and beauty. Underlying it is the thought of Eastern philosophy, with its doctrine that man's highest destiny is to merge the individual self in the larger consciousness of the universe. Mr. Russell is an artist also, and a mystic in his art as in his poetry.

None of the poets of the revival are so sure of an appreciative and wide audience as those who make the humor and pathos in the lives of the poor their subject. All feel the distinctiveness of this Irish poetry, and get from it a special kind of delight to be found nowhere else in literature. This poetry stands apart in the peasant poetry of the nations by its delicacy of sentiment, its freedom from grossness, and its combination of a vital spirituality and strong instinctive morality with pure natural passion and a wholesome sensuousness. It is produced to-day by writers of high merit and general culture. Among those who have done good work of this sort, each in a different way, are Mr. A. P. Graves, Miss Moira O'Neil, Mr. Fahy, and Mr. P. J. McCall.

The Irish novelists are for the most part well known in this country. To this rule, however, Mr. Standish O'Grady is, for reasons not altogether apparent, an exception. He has been a potent factor in the revival, and in this connection Mr. Yeats has somewhere referred to him as "the father of us all." His accounts of legendary Ireland, breathing the bardic afflatus of the hero age, his spirited historical romances, and his histories interesting as romances in their stream of narrative that sweeps through a past full of stirring and picturesque scenes, have had an influence not likely to be overestimated in arousing that widespread and enthusiastic interest in Irish history and tradition which is one great source of inspiration to the young writers. In strongest contrast to the novels of O'Grady are the stories of Miss Barlow, who works in miniature, on contemporary subjects, and with a most delicate touch. It is her peculiar talent to present the peasant nature for the most part as it reveals itself in the trivial incidents of the daily round of domestic life. Her writings are faithful transcripts of the aspects of nature in Connemara, and those who know the country people well accept her work as a true literary expression of their ways of thinking, feeling, and acting. Miss Lawless's "With Essex in Ireland," "Grania," and "Maelcho" should not escape the consideration of any one who would know what is good in recent Irish fiction. And Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) should not be forgotten. She is one of the Catholic novelists. Though lacking the power of the Catholic novelists of the first half of the nineteenth century, she has many qualities they want, and the charm and distinction of her personality is in all her work. Miss Somerville and Miss Ross, the two clever ladies who are best known here by their humorous stories depicting Irish life somewhat in the spirit of Lever, in the spirit of the landowners and professional men who are not especially inter-



COURTESY OF FREDERICK KEPPEL

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

ested in the history or traditions of the country in which they reside—or do not reside—have written, in "The Real Charlotte," a grim and careful study of provincial life, which has genuine tragedy, humor, and photographic accuracy of observation. There is pleasure to be had from the short stories of the North by Mr. MacManus; and Mr. Shan Bullock's more carefully studied novels of the same part of the country go deeper and will well repay time spent in their perusal. In the stories of Mr. George Moore and of Father Sheehan may be found pictures taken from opposite points of view of the working effects of Catholicism in Ireland. The reader can hang the pictures side by side and decide as he may as to the lights and shadows. Mr. Moore is the finer artist, and his volume of stories, "The Untilled Field," is, at least from the artistic standpoint, among the most notable productions of the fiction of the revival.

Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, Miss Templeton, Frank Matthews (notably for his "The Wood of the Brambles"), Buckley (for his "Croppies Lie Down"), and a few other novelists call for a consideration which it is impossible to give them here.

Mr. Yeats is, as has been said, the representative man of the literary revival; he gathers into his work more of its elements and presents them with a finer art than any other. One part of his work finds subjects and inspiration in the heroic literature of Ireland. "The Wanderings of Usheen," a narrative poem abounding in lyrical passages and enlivened by dramatic dialogue, is a good example of the kind. It tells how Usheen (Ossian), the son of the hero, Finn, under the spell of the beautiful Niam's love, spent three hundred years in the land of the ever-young, the Celtic Elysium, returning to find a Christian Ireland raised upon the ruins of the glorious paganism he had known, and to feel the weight of his years fall upon him. Usheen is in part the impression left upon the poet's imagination by the old legend. But it is not on this score that the poem holds its readers; it is because the poet has found a way to weave upon the antique frame of legend a tapestry of rich and beautiful texture whose pictured story tells of his own longing for a life of the spirit, free from the hard tyranny of time and change and death, and from the chains of custom and convention. It is, in short, an expression of the immemorial revolt of the Celt against the tyranny of fact.

Mr. Yeats is, too, a part of the literary revival in so far as it is an expression of the wave of mysticism that has touched England and visited France and other countries. This mysticism finds a place in much of his prose and poetry. Underlying the mystic work is the phase of thought which holds that spiritual truth and wisdom are not attainable by the processes of thought and reason, nor by scholastic and definitive methods, but in a transcendental fashion, by inspiration, intuition, or some sort of spiritual illumination; that truth is to be arrived at by an extreme development of meditative and intuitive methods, and, by freeing the soul from a troubled restlessness, to smooth it into a quiet water, ready to reflect whatever the heavens will reveal.

To turn from the part of Mr. Yeats's work that strikes its roots into Celtic literature and mythology, and from the remote and difficult mystic poetry to the short ballads and lyrics that tell of the doings of priests and peasants, of sorrowful old women, and of old men with their praises of past time and their laments over the present, is to realize that Mr. Yeats has variety and a wide range. These lyrics and ballads, with their command of simple objective motion, will, more readily than the rest of his work, make a popular appeal. Concerned largely with the lives of the poor, they offer many of the pleasant delights of poetry, and embody Celtic qualities, and those of the best.

The impression of Mr. Yeats's versatility is strengthened in passing on to the prose work and to the plays. "John Sherman," a story of contemporary life, has had, I think, less attention than it deserves. The author's fixed and characteristic standpoint lends interest and charm to all that occurs in the book. A fringe of thought, sentiment, and culture sets off its unpretentious simplicity and gives it an air of distinction. The sketches that make up "The Celtic Twilight," Mr. Yeats's second prose work, are interesting for the light they throw upon the atmosphere and surroundings that were to give color and direction to his later work, and have besides a charm that comes from the breath of poetry in them, and from the light touch in the portraiture of the finer shades of peasant character. In "Ideas of Good and Evil," a volume of essays that commends itself by originality and a fine literary quality, the author speaks, in critic's fashion, of symbolism, mysticism, the Celtic spirit in literature, the philosophy of Shelley's poetry, and a number of other subjects more or less related to the theory of poetry which he has exemplified in his own work.

No phase of Mr. Yeats's literary activity has engaged more attention than that concerned with the theory and practice of the drama. Two organizations, the Irish Literary Theater and the Irish National Theater Society, in whose institution Mr. Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Mr. Martyn were the prime movers, have given a practical illustration of the ideas about the drama for which Mr. Yeats and his associates stand. These ideas grew out of a contempt for the commercial dramas of the day, in which sham sentiment, shoddy ideals, and melodramatic thrills reigned supreme. The young Irish writers wished to substitute for this drama of commerce a drama of ideas and of genuine emotions, produced in a spirit of disinterested art, and with no thought of catching the pennies of the crowd. Being good Irishmen, they wished to put into the new drama the spirit of their race, and to draw for material on the legends, the traditions, and the contemporary life of Ireland. The reformers had views also as to the production of plays and the training of actors. They held the accepted philosophy of stage effects to be all wrong. Gorgeous costumes and furnishings and the elaborate attempts at the illusion of reality smothered the play itself, they maintained; stage arrangements which ought to center attention upon the main business of the play only served to distract attention from it, and to leave the audience agape at the ingenious creations of costumers, stage carpenters, and scene-painters. Stage effects, in the view of these reformers, should be simple, unobtrusive, and such as to mingle with the tone and sentiment of the play. Actors, too, were to be schooled, if possible, into some sort of inner relation to their rôles, to be taught to read their lines so as to please instead of paining people with an ear for verse, and to do their stage business with a propriety that should be something more than mere posturing.

The Irish Literary Theater and the Irish National Theater Society have carried out these ideas with a large measure of success. Some twenty plays have been produced in the last five or six years, and have been received with increasing favor by audiences composed of all classes. The press here and in England, as well as in Ireland, has applauded. Among those plays, which have ranged in subject all the way from poetic handlings of Irish mythology to contemporary satire on the town corporation, Mr. Yeats's "The Countess Cathleen" and Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heather Field" may be especially mentioned.

The work of the Irish literary revival stands entirely apart from the English work of the day. It has found a manner and a melody of its own, and has attained the fine and careful delicacy of art. Already much has been accomplished by this school of young writers. Work of a high order has been done in representing, in original poems, but through the machinery of Celtic romance, the spiritual elements of the modern world from an Irish standpoint. The band of translators has made ready the myths and sagas of Ireland to the hand of future poets. The mysticism that breathes through much of the best poetry of the revival is a part of the tide of feeling that seems now to be setting in strong against externality in life, and to be making for a more spiritual standard in estimating its relative values. Finally, the young Irish drama has formulated a set of ideas that may well prevail, for they are everywhere in the air now, and are finding favor with the cultivated classes, whose influence often turns the scales of the future.

Simon de Vos

By Alice Brown Morrison

THE incarnation of vagrant grace and of immortal laughter, he watches the passing show from his tarnished gold frame in the Antwerp gallery.

No painter has ever better preserved for us the piquant charm of his personality than has Simon de Vos in this portrait of himself, which reveals to us with such utter ingenuousness the man as he was, that it would indeed be a carping critic who could quarrel with him for what he was not.

I know of no other portrait which so instantly and spontaneously brings an answering smile to the lips of those who see it, or recalls so vividly to memory that rare encomium of Dr. Johnson's, "He is such an enchanting dog." Did he paint himself in holiday humor, or is it the every-day face of a man to whose buoyant fancy the Kingdom of Cockayne was ever near which calls out its gay challenge to whatever there is of latent good comradeship in us? If his very unguardedness is not a subtle form of disguise, then surely existence was to him a brilliant adventure with an inevitable end which must be met gallantly.

If one has a thirst for solid information concerning Simon de Vos, he finds himself balked in every direction on account of the obscurity which has so long reigned over the lives of Flemish artists. He was born in Antwerp, October 28, 1603, the son of Herman de Vos and Elizabeth van Opper, and that in 1615 he entered the studio of the celebrated Corneille de Vos (to whom he was not related, as has been claimed). His talent was recognized, for at the age of seventeen he was received as master of St. Luke's Guild, a remarkable distinction for so young a man. In 1628 he married Catherine van Utrecht, the sister of the still famous animal painter, and probably lived in Antwerp until the time of his death, October 15, 1676. A few biographers insist that he was a pupil of Rubens, which the bulk of evidence seems to disprove, though Rubens must have valued his work, for among his most cherished possessions was De Vos's picture of the Prodigal Son. Van Dyck, too, gave him more than a passing regard, and painted a picture of his friend Simon, which bears the rather curious inscription: "Simon de Vos, in humanibus figuris majoribus et minoribus Antverp."

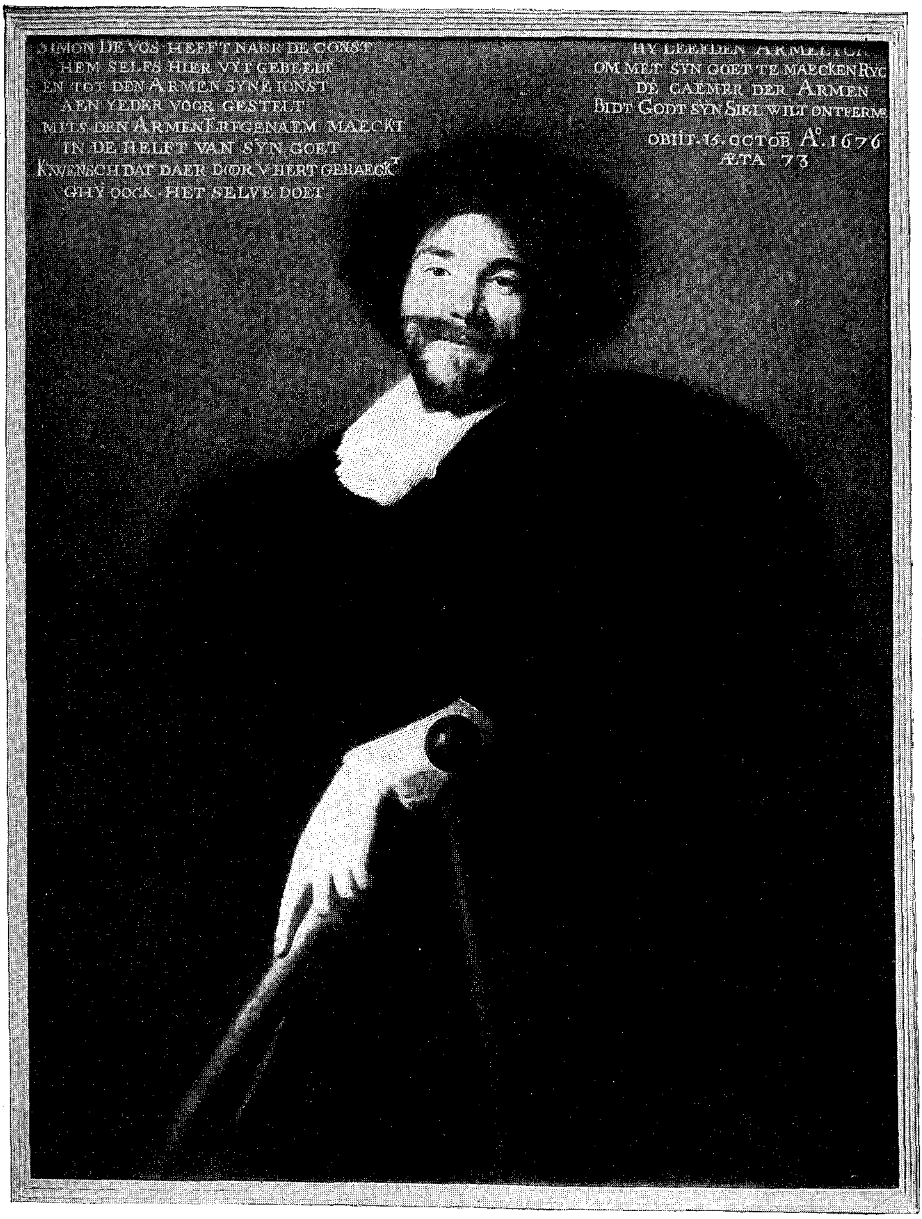
De Vos painted, as did the other artists of his time, pictures for churches, for convents, and for guild halls. His facile brush was equally ready at depicting a Last Supper or a riotous banqueting scene. Saints and sinners on a large and small scale, he portrayed them all with cheerful impartiality.

Many of his reputed works are to be seen in the churches and convents of Antwerp and Malines and some of the smaller towns, while in the Berlin and Vienna galleries he is represented by an occasional picture, but undoubtedly many of the religious compositions and hunting scenes attributed to him are the works of Corneille de Vos, and of the animal painter, Paul de Vos.

Some one has said of Simon de Vos that he was "lovable and talented," and this very lovableness may have included a too happy faculty for taking life as he found it—for drifting pleasantly along with the more mediocre artists who had not the courage to find new paths for themselves, or to violate the traditions of the great painters whose fame so closely encompassed them.

The true worth of Simon de Vos as an artist would be a matter of conjecture, were it not for his one superb portrait of himself which represents the sum total of his creative power. One has only to look at it to realize the supremacy of art which might have been his, had he cast aside the conventionality of his training and devoted himself to the painting of the men and women around him who were precipitating the history of the Netherlands.

M. Charles Blanc says of this por-


SIMON DE VOS HEEFT NAER DE CONST
HEM SELFS HIER VYT GEBEELT
EN TOT DEN ARMEN SYNE IONST
AEN YEDER VOOR GESTELT
MITS DEN ARMEN ERFGENAEM MAECKT
IN DE HELFT VAN SYN GOET
K WENSCH DAT DAER DOOR V HERT GERAECKT
GHY OOCK HET SELVE DOET
HY LEEFDEN ARMELYC
OM MET SYN GOET TE MAECKEN RYC
DE CAEMER DER ARMEN
BIDT GODT SYN SIEL WILT ONTFERM
OBIIT. 15. OCTOB Aº. 1676
ÆTA 73

SIMON DE VOS

trait, "It is quite *sui generis*, of a color, execution, and roguishness that brings to mind those same qualities found among the masters of the *belle époque*;" and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in speaking of Simon de Vos, says, "There is in Antwerp his own portrait painted by himself, in black, leaning on the back of a chair with a scroll of blue paper in his hand, so highly finished in the broad style of Correggio that nothing can exceed it."

Simon de Vos has left a worthy claim upon our consideration in this single portrait. So alive is it, so captivating, so full of the charm that defies analysis, that, in common justice, we should step aside for a moment from the hurrying throng to burn a candle of grateful admiration before his neglected shrine.

THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

Two Women Temperance Leaders

By Elizabeth D. Sheilds

THE Countess of Carlisle, who has lately been chosen President of the British Women's Temperance Association, in succession to Lady Henry Somerset, belongs to a family that has for centuries played a varied but always a strenuous and prominent part in the life-drama of their day. The name of Stanley appears frequently in English history, but perhaps no one bearing the name has been more honored than was Lady Stanley of Alderley, the daughter of Viscount Dillon and the mother of the Countess of Carlisle. Her husband, who was raised to a peerage in his own right before he succeeded to the title of Lord Stanley, held various important posts under Whig Governments, and in 1841 he became the principal Whip of his party, or, as Lord Palmerston described it, "joint Whip with Mrs. Stanley."

Besides being a power in the political world of her day, Lady Stanley was also one of the main forces in the movement for the higher education of women, which resulted in the opening to them of universities and medical colleges, and in the establishment of Girton and other colleges for women. Almost every one of her children has taken active part in public life, and her liberal upbringing has caused them to choose their own form of religion, the Countess of Carlisle having chosen to belong to the Presbyterian Church of England.

From her Irish mother Lady Carlisle inherits a warm, impulsive nature, great strength of character and personal charm. The Liberalism of the mother has become Radicalism in the daughter; her successful struggle for equal educational advantages for men and women, a militant demand for their political equality. The history of the work of Lady Carlisle would be the history of the woman's suffrage movement in England up to the present time. She has done more than any other woman to create what is now of considerable political importance, the Woman's Liberal Federation, of which she was Presi-

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS

dent until a year ago, when she resigned in favor of the Countess of Aberdeen.

True to her Radical principles, Lady Carlisle invites to her home people of all classes of society, and one is irresistibly reminded of Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," on seeing at her table two women, say, from a factory, in unhappy contemplation of unknown dishes and prandial implements. It is said that any one with a fad is sure of gaining an entrance to the warm heart of Lady Carlisle. But the fad must be a sincere one, for there is no one shrewder than she to detect a feigned enthusiasm or more quick to resent it.

The Earl of Carlisle, if he had not had the misfortune, as Lady Carlisle might herself express it, to be born a peer, would have made his mark as an artist. His work is above the average, and he is perhaps never so happy as when he is escorting a guest round the valuable collections in his galleries. Although he is believed to be a Unionist at heart, he has eschewed politics, and it must be a good many years since a famous occasion on which he spoke at a political meeting in the North of England. He had just fulfilled the duty allotted to him of proposing a resolution, when Lady Carlisle rose at the back of the hall and proposed an amendment which ran almost counter to it. Her eloquence, her vivid personality, and the arguments used by her so impressed the people that her amendment was carried. She and her husband, however, are in full accord in their interest in temperance.

The new President of the British Women's Temperance Association combines with social prominence and personal ability and charm the quality of being a joyous fighter. Those who work with her speak of her statesmanlike qualities, and her grasp of the detail of the organization of which she is the head. Just at present the House of Lords is a monument to the power of the brewers and the popularity of their brew, and the wave of reaction which is evident in other departments of political life in England is nowhere more evident than in the determined effort being made to restrain magistrates from refusing to grant or renew licenses to public-houses, when they think them too numerous for the public good. It is a time of anxiety to many in England, and especially to all interested in the temperance cause. Lady Carlisle, who has been in retirement from public work for some years on the advice of her physicians, has, therefore, come forward on behalf of the one hundred thousand women whom she represents, at a time when her services are especially needed by the country.

The relative position occupied in England by the Countess of Carlisle is filled in America by Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens. The Presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a post which Frances E. Willard had held for almost a quarter of a century, passed naturally to Mrs. Stevens, who is a pioneer in the temperance movement, having founded the Maine Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 1874, the year in which the teaching of Dr. Dio Lewis brought about the organization of the women of America against the use of intoxicants. Mrs. Stevens is qualified for the responsibilities of her position by wide training and experience, for she has been active in temperance work in her own State, which not unfittingly is one which does not legalize the sale of liquor, has represented it in the meetings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, and was a manager of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago.

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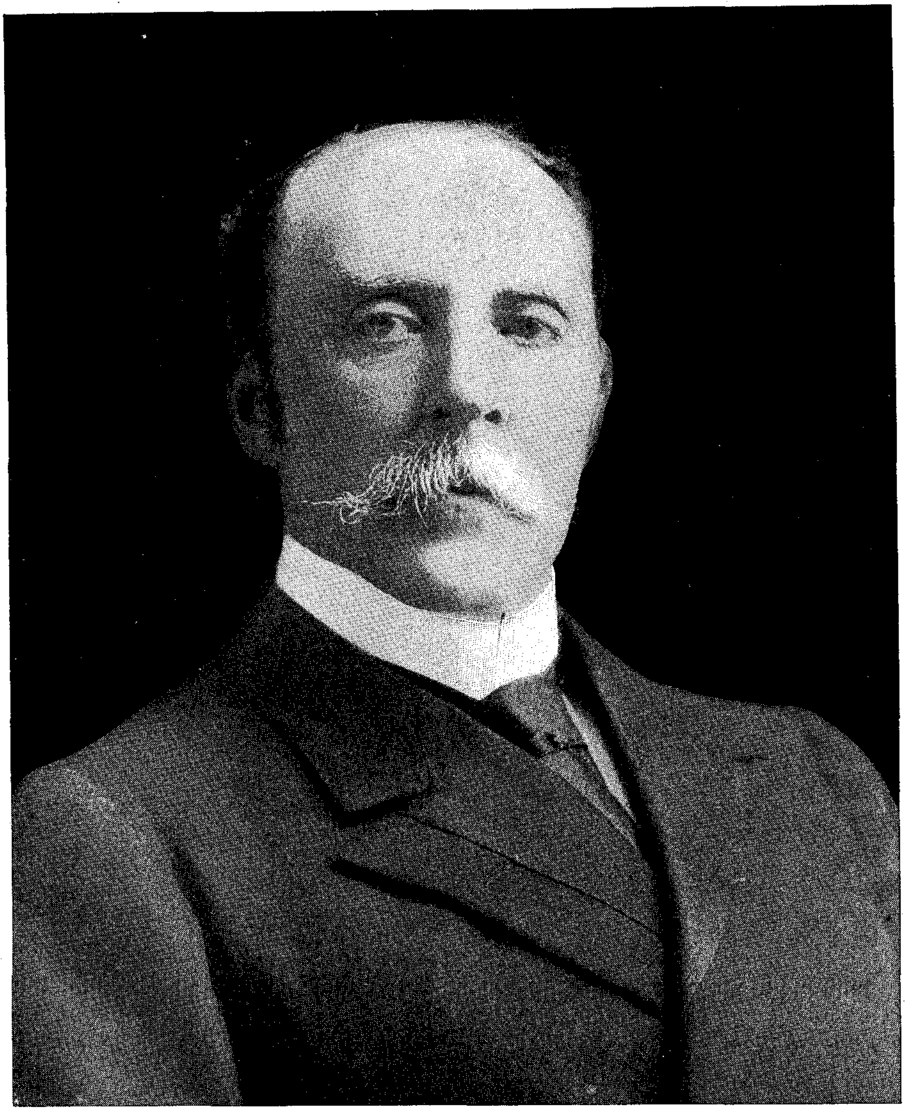
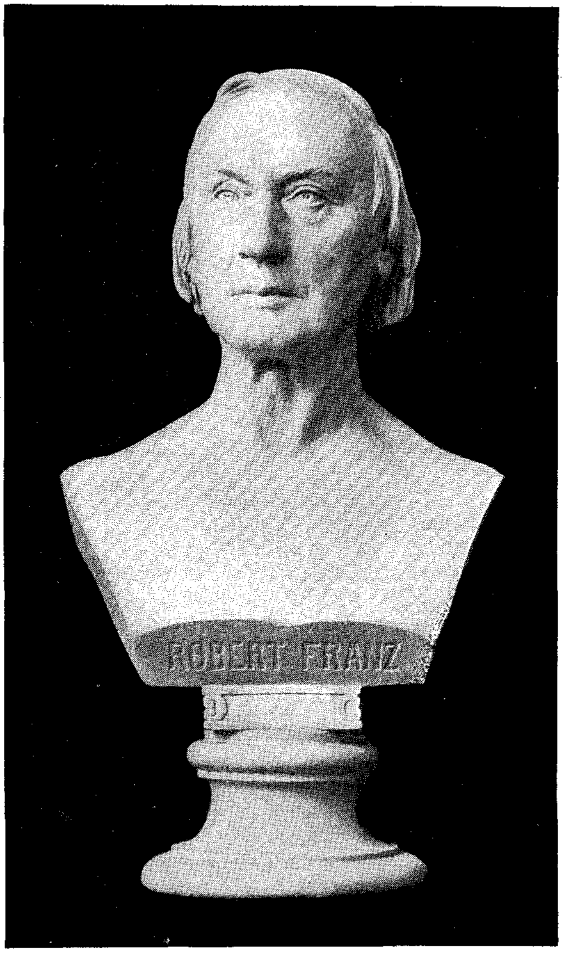


SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND

The New British Ambassador

THE Right Hon. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the new British Ambassador to the United States, has had a distinguished career in Asia. He was early attached to the Bengal Civil Service, but later passed over to the political department, becoming in 1879 Political Secretary to Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts, with whom he served through the Afghan War. He was then made Indian Foreign Secretary, in that capacity being present at many important functions, notably at the conference between Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, and the Amir of Afghanistan, afterwards accompanying the Viceroy to Burma during the progress of the war there. The negotiations with the Chinese on the Tibetan border in 1888 were also the occasion for calling out the resources of the Indian Secretary, who, six years later, resigned his office to become Minister to Persia, and he remained there until 1900, when he was appointed Ambassador to Spain.


ROBERT FRANZ

FROM THE BUST BY MAX LANDSBERG

ROBERT FRANZ

Robert Franz

By Daniel Gregory Mason

THE conservative, highly fastidious, highly self-critical type of mind makes always an interesting study; and when it appears in a musician, where, since musical expression seems to require a certain genial freedom and impulsiveness, it is something of an anomaly, it is apt not only to be studied with interest, but to become the subject of the most contradictory estimates by various critical temperaments. This has been the case with Robert Franz. He was a peculiarly pure example of the fastidious mind, and his critics have ranged themselves in two hostile camps, one party almost idolizing him as the champion of true art in a period of decadence, the other contemptuously dismissing him as a pedant, a hanger-back, a conservative by limitation rather than by conviction. Those who care for him at all are apt to blink his defects; those who do not care for him, and they are many, have for him no adjectives but "academic" and "dry." To come at the truth about such a man would require a long, an exhaustive study of his life and works; but it will be a comparatively simple undertaking, and one not without human interest, to lay before the reader in summary fashion the essential traits of this curious personality, leaving him to form for himself what seems to him a just estimate of their value.

A clear impression of Franz's individuality disengages itself from Mr. W. F. Apthorp's sympathetic portrait of his friend in his essay on "Two Modern Classicists."[1] Franz was a nature of unusual fineness, fastidiousness, and delicacy; critical of himself and of others, keenly intellectual, uncompromisingly severe in his standards, and of a subtlety of perception, sensuous, intellectual, and spiritual, for which one can find a match in few musicians. He had, indeed, almost more in common with the literary or philosophic mental type than with the artistic. When we seek for men with whom to compare him, we are apt to think of Henri Frédéric Amiel, the Genevese dreamer, whose nice self-criticism was greater than his impulse toward expression, or of Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám, whose delicate poetic miniatures are as consummate in beauty as they are slight in caliber. All such natures stand aloof from the crowd, and even from themselves, by virtue of an exquisiteness of taste, an inexorable fineness of feeling, that compels them to seek nothing less than perfection. They shrink from the vulgar ambitions, the facile successes, the crude, ready-made artistic methods, of their fellows. Dominated by a vision that is private and incommunicable, they cannot throw themselves with enthusiasm into the general pursuits. They are committed by temperament to reticence, detachment, solitude. Such fastidiousness must isolate a man in any calling; in the profession of music, where compromise and commercialism are the rule, it makes him stand out, like Franz, in conspicuous loneliness, whether as a mark for praise or for blame.

Such men are always comparatively unprolific. Their taste, developed out of its due proportion with their expressive impulse, embarrasses as much as it assists them. It prompts them, certainly, to produce, but it makes them dissatisfied always with their productions. It is like the morbid conscience that postpones the conduct it should direct. The actual production of Franz consists of something over two hundred short lyric songs, and of additional accompaniments to some of the great choral works left incomplete by Bach and Handel. Not to any indolence or such accidental cause was due the narrow compass of Franz's work; it was the result of conviction, carefully reasoned, conscious, deliberate. Not the least remarkable thing about Franz's peculiar temperament was the belief in which it was reflected in his mind, the sincere belief that all the possibilities of the art of music had been successively exhausted, and that it only remained for modern musicians to express such personal feeling as might be voiced in small lyrics, and to popularize the great classical masterpieces by making them accessible and intelligible to the public.

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[1] "Musicians and Music-Lovers," by William Foster Apthorp. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1894.

We are fortunate in having Franz's own testimony for these strange but honest convictions. In a deeply interesting letter to Mr. Apthorp, he writes as follows:

"Every development has its beginning and its end; the development of the organism of art like the rest. Now, you have only to look at the historical progress of music to descry in it an interrupted chain of perfectionments and retrograde movements. Vocal as well as instrumental music has gone through this process; neither of them could ever rise above a culminating point that was always followed by a rapid decadence. Church music lived to have this fate during and after the period of Bach and Handel; then the opera, before and after Mozart; farther on the epic forms, which culminated in Beethoven; and, finally, we have arrived again at the beginning of all art, the lyric, which seems likewise to have exhausted its springs to the very bottom, in achieving a fusion of poetry and music which can hardly be carried to a higher pitch of intimacy."

In a later letter he gives his conviction even clearer utterance, besides explaining its foundation. "Up to Beethoven," he says, "people held fast by the idea that melody, harmony, and rhythm were the fundamental elements of music; the neo-Germanic school has radically destroyed these, and set up in their stead the absolute freedom of the personal element. Men like Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner could, to a certain extent, compensate for this by the weight of their personality; but the army of those who have followed in their footsteps, not being able to throw such a weight into the scale, have necessarily, in face of this intolerance of all barriers, ushered in universal chaos."

These are curious opinions for a musician to utter at the end of the nineteenth century. That they were wholly unaffected, Franz proved by his acts. He suggests in another letter the more positive aspect of his artistic creed, the complement of these negative convictions. "It may at last be high time," he says, "to take in hand the [musical] education of mankind. Trash will be thereby excluded, and what is genuine will come into its rights." It was in accordance with this belief that he devoted so much of his effort to the task of filling out, in a style congruous with theirs, the scores of the great choral works of Bach and Handel, written by them in a sort of musical shorthand, which notes only the bass and the melody. His aim was to complete these great monuments of art in a way that should be at once acceptable to modern ears, which demand fullness of harmony, and appropriate to their own inner spirit. In spite of constant misinterpretation by the pedants and the philistines of the day, who looked at the letter rather than the spirit of his undertaking, he persisted in it with a devotion, an unselfish enthusiasm, and an artistic insight that deserve only the highest praise. "And yet," one finds one's self thinking, "this work to which he devoted so much energy was but the rehabilitating of the work of other men."

The insistence with which such qualifying considerations keep presenting themselves to our minds, in the midst of our homage to Franz's dignity of ideal, reminds us once again how difficult it is to reach a satisfactory, an obviously just and well-rounded, estimate of a man whose qualities and limitations were so subtly interwoven. Was he, after all, we are compelled to ask ourselves once more, a nature too fine to be appreciated by his contemporaries, too noble for paltry ambitions and incomplete performance, too loyal to art to piece out its completed cycle with artificial products galvanized into a spurious vitality; a nature, therefore, worthy our unreserved admiration and our unqualified praise? Or was he, in the last analysis, as it needs but a slight shift in our point of view to make us conclude, a man in whom, for all his fineness, there was some fatal limitation, some poverty of life, some paralyzing frigidity of blood, that kept him from throwing himself into the seething art of his time and building with it forms of novel beauty and expressiveness—that made him rather stand aside, perplexed, skeptical, embittered, ineffective? Was not his fastidiousness, after all, finical and petty? Did not his aversion to modern art reveal rather a defect in him than a decadence in it? Was he, in a word, an unheeded prophet or a deluded reactionary?

In this quandary we naturally turn for help away from the confusing and fallible evidence of his life, to the direct, infallible, internal evidence of his artistic work. The songs of Franz are the musical expression of his peculiar temperament. All that is vaguely indicated by his words and recorded acts is in them clearly voiced.

A collection of fifty of the best of these songs, recently published,[1] and provided with an introduction by Mr. Apthorp, whose sympathetic understanding of their author makes all that he says helpful, presents the student with the flower of Franz's work. In examining these songs, one is first of all impressed by the reticence, dignity, and purity of their style. They are true lyrics—expressions of personal feeling in simple, well-balanced, musical forms, undisfigured by dramatic episodes, obtrusive climaxes, or any of those other devices of less fastidious song-writers which are as abhorrent to true artistic feeling as they are grateful to the egotism of singers and the sentimentality of listeners. This is a point that deserves emphasis. The modern musical public has been fed on highly flavored food for so long that it can hardly appreciate the incomparable beauty of simple lyrical writing like Franz's. It has grown to desire a type of eloquence that is vociferous rather than persuasive, a musical charm more dependent on profusion of ornament and complexity of effect than on beauty of line, shapeliness, harmony, and chastity of style. "Few singers," says Mr. Apthorp in the introduction to his collection of songs, "can forego that dramatic strenuousness of emphasis with which they have reaped such rich harvests in other fields, and express feeling as simply as Franz has done in his melodies;" and he quotes in illustration of his meaning a most penetrative comment made by a friend on a rendering of Brahms's "Ernste Lieder:" "If they had not been sung with such tremendous expression, there would not have been a dry eye in the house." The characteristic sin of modern art is probably this—the exaggeration of effects, the straining after poignancy of expression, the preference of ornateness and profusion to shapeliness and restraint. In architecture the tendency of the day is toward stucco, plaster, and all forms of ornament that obscure and confuse shape; in sculpture it is away from Greek serenity and towards German symbolism and turgidity; in poetry we too often prefer rhetoric to the ingenuous utterance of feeling; and in music we demand, not harmony, not beauty, not primal emotion embodied in lovely forms, but color, passion, pictorial representation, a feverish and artificial intensity that distorts and disintegrates the tonal fabric it should fuse and weld.

Franz's work is the product of an artistic attitude quite polar to this modern one. He cared primarily, not for luxuriance of decoration, but for structural symmetry and harmony; not for an emotionality bordering on hysteria, but for the calm expression of sincere, simple feeling; not for utter self-revelation, but for a dignified presentation of what was artistically worth presentation, against a background of reticence and reserve. His songs therefore inevitably seem tame to us until, growing familiar with their idiom, we come to feel their fineness, their distinction, their controlled and tempered eloquence. Once the spell is upon us, we find a rare delight in their qualities. Their classical moderation, their aristocratic distinction, their consummate but unobtrusive art, their eloquence never degenerating into hysteria, their ornament never degenerating into ornamentation,[1] at once soothe, interest, and charm us.

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[1] "Fifty Songs by Robert Franz." In the "Musicians' Library." Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, 1903.

[1] Thoreau, with his usual fine literary sense, described "ornamentation" as "a word with a dead tail to it." The thing it denotes is equally unvitalized.

This fineness of artistic feeling reveals itself not only in Franz's treatment of melody, which is with him always clear in phraseology, well balanced, and musically beautiful as well as expressive of the mood defined by the words, but also in his part-writing, which is careful and often ingenious, but never over-elaborated, and in his harmony. He was enough a modern to appreciate and utilize the expressive powers of harmony, but he seldom let his interest in harmonic effects run away with him. His general harmonic texture is strong, adequate, and unobtrusive. When he uses special harmonic devices, it is only to emphasize a trait of expression or to create an appropriate atmosphere. At the word "grave," for example, in the line "With thy grave and dreamy sweetness," in the song called "Request," there is an unexpected "flat sixth," as musicians would name it, which enhances much the meaning of the words. Again, in the song called "In Autumn," there is a cadence at the words "Alas, alas," which by its strangeness and somber color greatly deepens the mournfulness of the effect. Such momentary ingenuities, frequent as they are with Franz, seldom degenerate into childish realism, although it cannot be denied that the crude delineation of lightning and thunder in the "Stormy Night" is rather disappointing in one whose artistic sense is generally so keen. For the most part, however, his special touches of effect are governed by a rare instinct for propriety. And wherever the harmonic treatment confines itself to a general suggestion of the fitting mood or atmosphere, as it does for instance in such masterpieces of somber color as "A Churchyard" and "The Runic Rock," it is wholly admirable.

In simplicity and graciousness of melody, in musicianly part-writing, and in legitimately expressive harmony, then, Franz is pre-eminent. To study these aspects of his work is not only to gain a unique artistic pleasure, but to find a valuable corrective for the faults of the musical epoch we live in. And yet, it must now be insisted, in the final effect of his songs something, and something very vital, is wanting. Despite their distinction, their amenity, their grace, there is about them a thinness, a preciseness, an antique frigidity and formality, that we rightly deplore. They are wanting in fervor, in impetus, in conviction. They hesitate with well bred deliberation after each phrase, they gather no momentum, they rise to no heights of passion or exaltation. To play over the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, or Brahms is to put ourselves thoroughly out of conceit with Franz's. The latter lack the dramatic power of Schubert, the ardor and impetuosity of Schumann, the grace and geniality of Grieg, the manliness and broad nobility of Brahms. They lack, in a word, the impassioned directness and force of the greatest art. Truly great Franz is not, either in largeness of conception or in amplitude of execution. His ideas are little ideas, however genuine, and his skill is the dexterity of the mosaic-worker, not the free power of the draughtsman who stands off from his canvas and sketches in generous strokes. His lyrical instinct could not justly be likened to that of the Elizabethan poets; it is more like that of the French pseudo-classic versifiers. It is more ingratiating than compelling, more correct than fervid, more graceful than profound.

This lack of virility in Franz's music, one cannot but feel, is the analogue and reflection of that indecisiveness, that over-refined fastidiousness and inability to commit himself to vigorous action, which was the peculiar weakness of his temperament. His conservatism was as much negative as positive. It was only in part the fruit of intellectual conviction; the less admirable part of it rested on limitations, on torpidity of blood, on narrowness of interest, on restricted feelings and an unenfranchised imagination. Yet in spite of these shortcomings Franz has an honorable place in music. In the first place, his indirect influence was a wholesome one. Progress requires some full-blooded temperaments, ardent for the novel, careless of the safe; but it also requires cautious conservers of traditions, custodians of the wisdom learned by past experience. "Without the cranks," says Dr. Holmes, "the wheels of civilization would not turn." It is equally true that without the brakes and belts and cogs they would spin us all speedily into chaos. In the second place, Franz has made a direct and tangible contribution to art in his songs, which are unique in their distinction of style, their purity of feeling, their rare tranquillity and serenity of temper. They cannot compete with the ampler utterances of larger men, but within their own domain they are consummate and inimitable. Franz was one, when all is said, who did a true service to art by his rigorous respect for its highest aims, by his steadfast refusal to lower his standards to conform with popular tastes, by his embodiment in his own work of those fine perceptions and intuitions of beauty which were his, and by his efforts to make known to every one the greater works of those old masters who had more than his vitality and creative genius.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Those who wish a larger collection of songs than that in the "Musicians' Library," already mentioned, will find in the Peters Edition four albums, comprising one hundred and forty-four songs. The standard biography of Franz is that by R. F. Procházka, published in Leipsic, and not translated from the German. Franz himself wrote an autobiographical letter to Liszt, published in "Briefe hervorragender Zeitgenossen an Franz Liszt," Leipsic, 1895. The best essays in English, after that of Mr. Apthorp already noted, are in Mr. H. T. Finck's "Songs and Song-Writers," New York, 1900, and in F. Hueffer's "Music of the Future," unfortunately out of print. Mr. Finck also published "An Hour with Robert Franz," in the "Century Magazine," June, 1893, and "Robert Franz" in "The Looker-On," October, 1896, and January, 1897. Notable German essays have been written by Liszt, Dr. W. Waldmann, Hanslick, and Ambros.

Sacrifice

By Charles W. Stevenson

She lived for love. Her joys were all in seeing
The smiles that others wear when pleasure's near;
Some fresh delight oft was her mind decreeing
For those whom others held to be most dear.

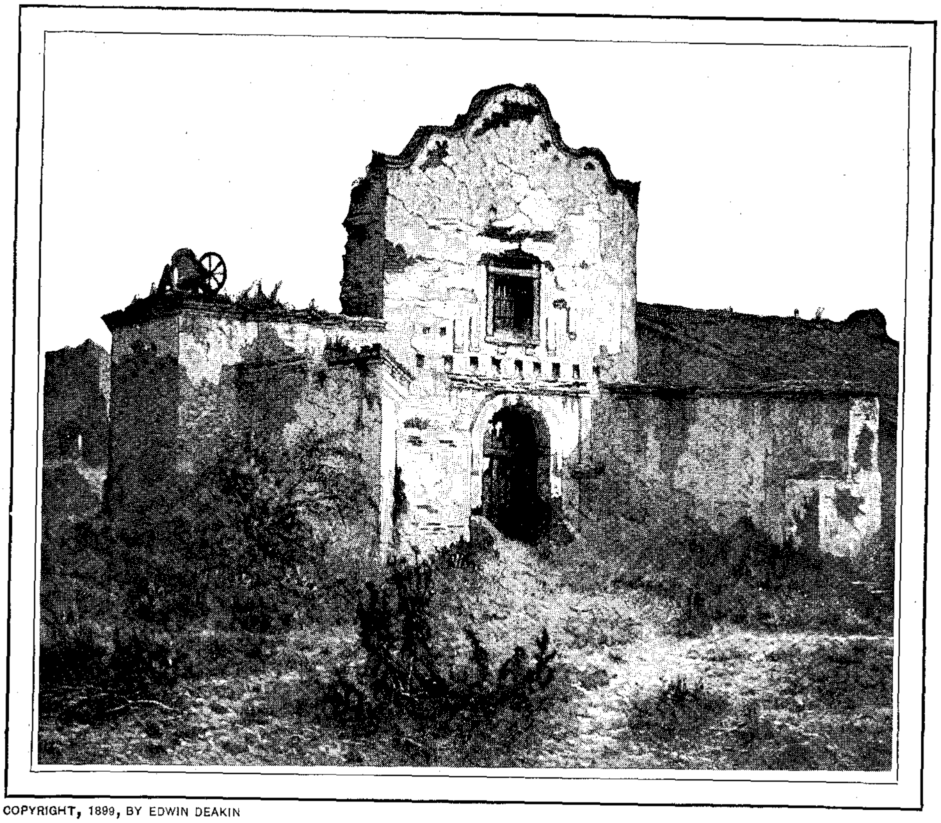
She worked alone. No thought of fame or fashion
E'er moved her hand in aid of one in need;
Naught but her own low-bending sweet compassion
Prompted the tender and uplifting deed.

She had no doubts. She trusted each to-morrow
Would bring round her the same eternal care;
And o'er conditions spent she little sorrow,
Conscious the Wise One was not unaware.

Her friends were few. Those who with subtle phrases
Draw others to them as with hooks of steel
Gave her simplicity no hearty praises,
Nor sought to gain for her a better weal.

Unknown was she. Yet glad her simple living,—
No fears assailed her, never sin made sad,
She loved the friendless, was to all forgiving,
And morning always found her still more glad.

And when she died, like strains of music ceasing,
Her absence caused a void in many hearts;
For when a soul's pain needs a soft releasing,
Such natures are more than a world's fine arts.



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SAN DIEGO DE ALCALA

The Painter of the California Missions

By Pauline R. Bird

With Pictures by Edwin Deakin

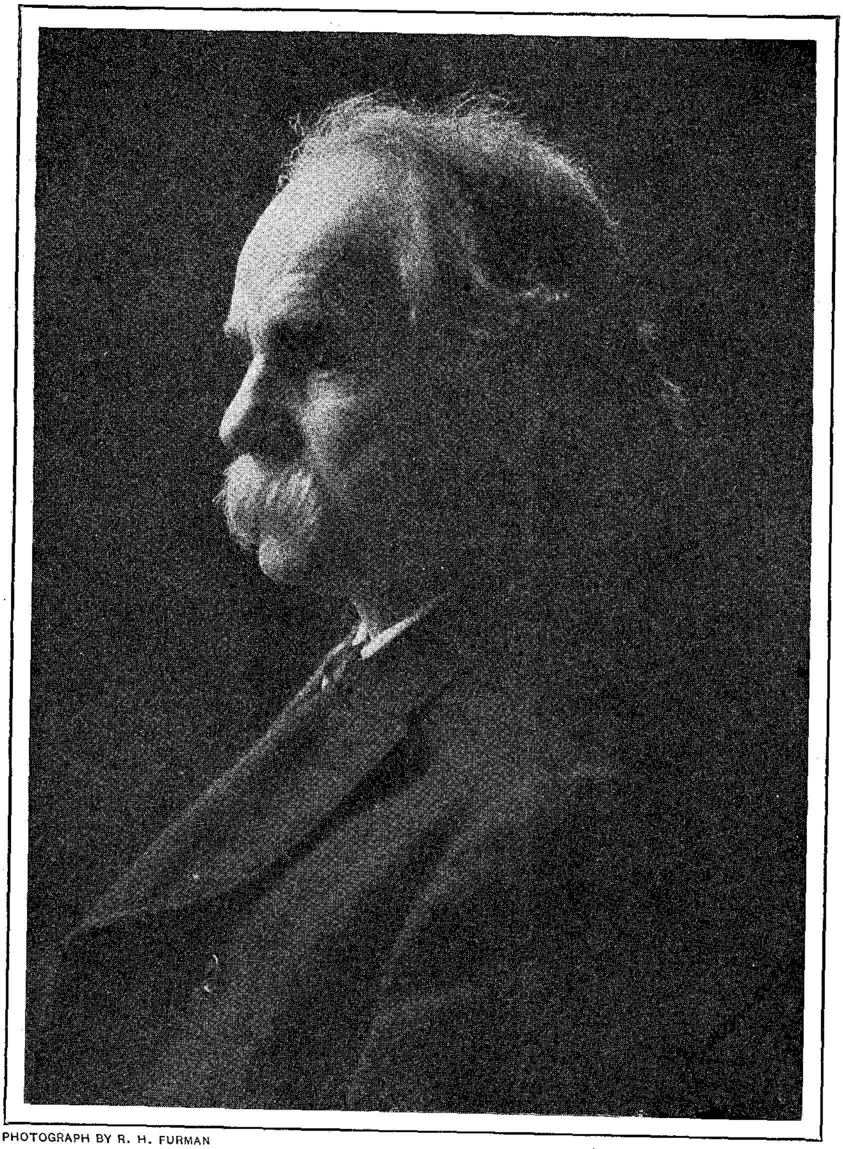
TO Edwin Deakin, the "artist-historian," is directly due the inspiration of the many clubs and the History Sections of the several women's clubs that are to-day enthusiastically taking up the subject of the opening and the restoring of El Camino Real, the King's Highway, in California.

About two years ago Mr. Deakin exhibited at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco his marvelous collection of paintings of the twenty-one Missions of California, with an accompanying map showing the positions of the Missions.

The twenty-one Franciscan Missions are strung along El Camino for a distance of nearly one thousand miles north and south, and traversing about three hundred miles east and west. The road as shown on the map is the original road made by the Franciscan Padres in the establishment of the Missions, which are about one "Spanish day's" journey apart, and it still exists in good county roads for part of the way, though nearly obliterated in some sections. If these roads can be united into a State road for the entire distance, the original King's Highway of California will be restored, making it one of the longest and finest coaching roads in the world.

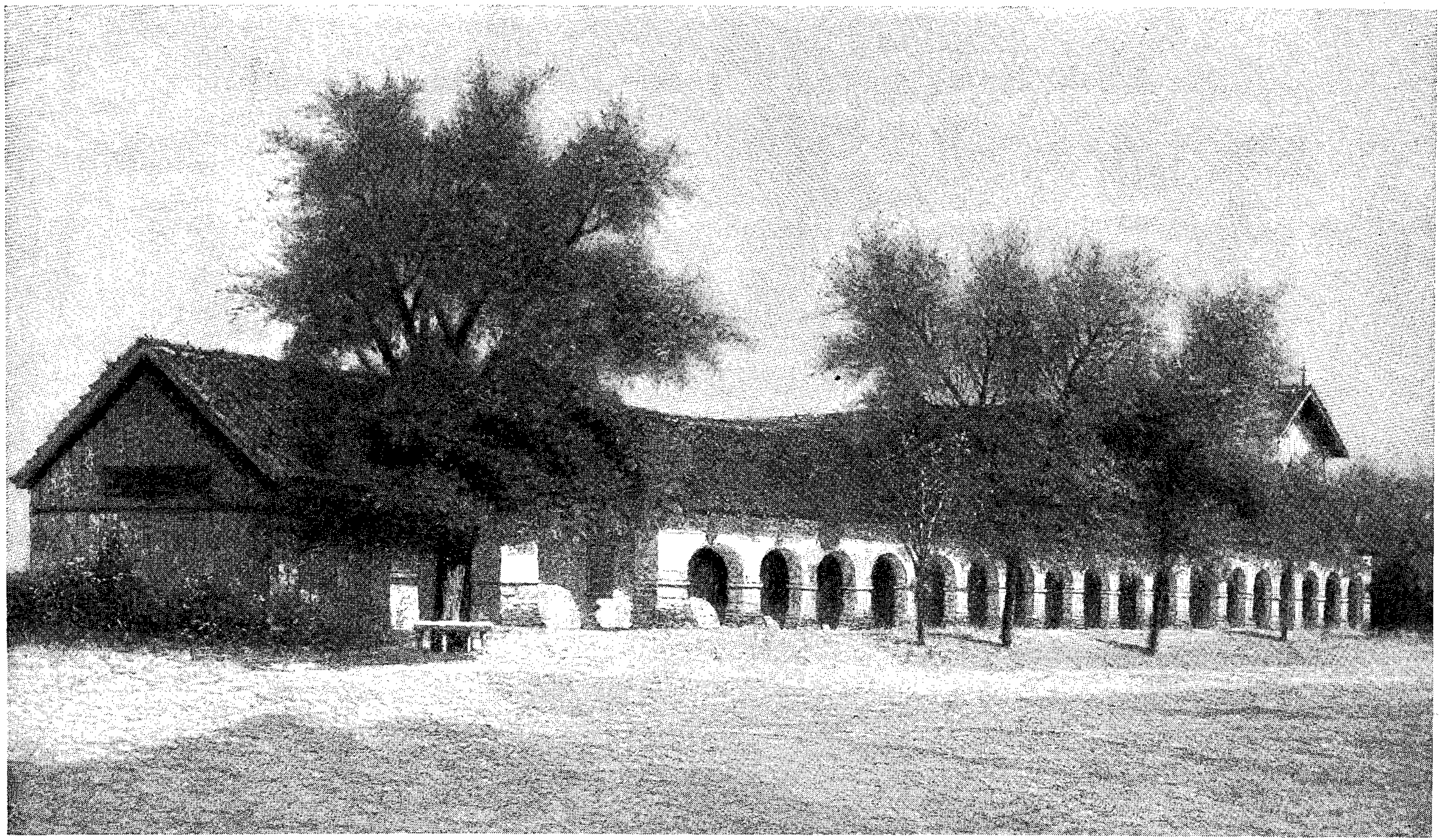
In the selection of sites for the Missions the Padres showed great discernment and exquisite taste. The Missions, for the most part, lie conveniently near the sea, in sheltered valleys, with the great Coast ranges behind them, or close to some mountain stream, whose waters keep ever green the rich pasture lands on which their vast herds of cattle grazed. The magnificence and variety of the scenery along the Highway is unsurpassed. Orange and olive groves, vast vineyards and waving fields of grain, miles of pasturage resplendent in spring with the golden eschscholtzia, forests of redwood and the pungent eucalyptus, extensive orchards of apricots, prunes, peaches, and other semi-tropical fruits, are some of the sights that will greet the eye of the sightseer with the restoration of El Camino. It is proposed by the several clubs that have at heart the improvement of these romantic and picturesque landmarks of California, not only to reconstruct this Highway, but to restore the twenty-one Missions, and establish at each place a museum of art and curios characteristic of the Indian settlers.

The Franciscans were not only skilled in the crafts, they were versed in the



PHOTOGRAPH BY R. H. FURMAN

EDWIN DEAKIN



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SAN JUAN BAUTISTA

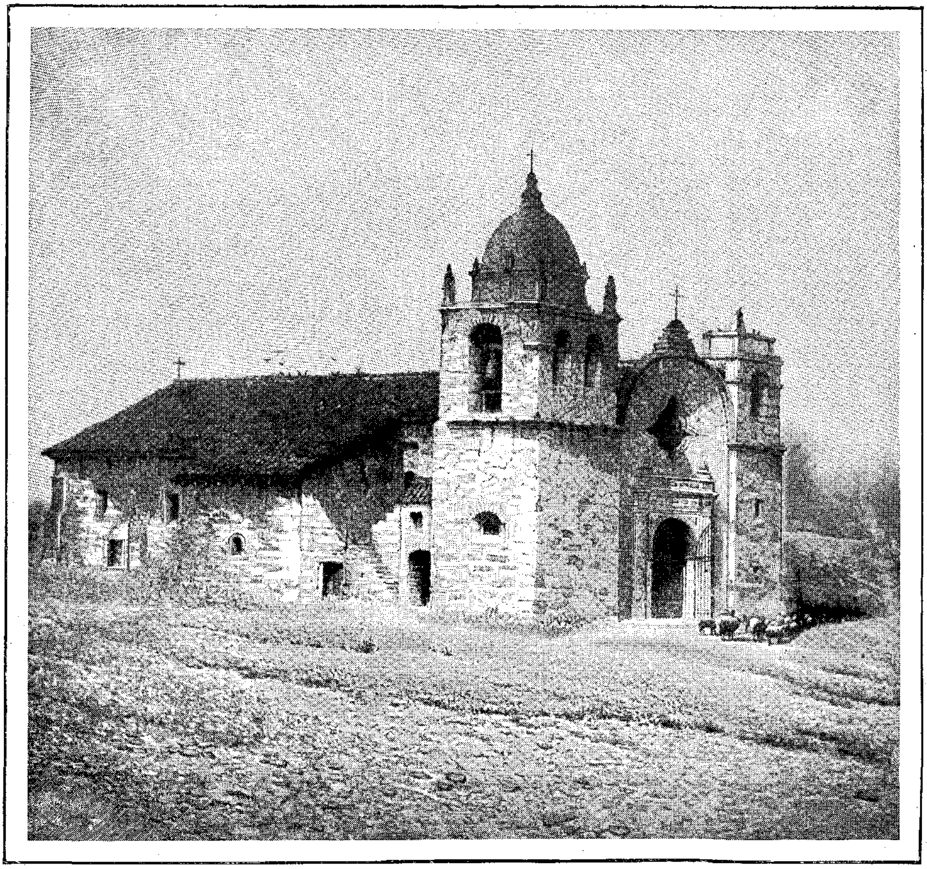
elements of the arts, and that they taught the useful mechanical arts and the tilling of the soil, as well as the merely ornamental and beautiful, is evidenced by the weaving, the simple pottery, the intricate basket-making, the work in silver, copper, iron, leather, and wood graving, as they exist to-day, as survivals. When these treasures are collected and classified, the Missions will be found to have had distinct and individual characteristics, as is shown by the paintings in pigments of flowers and clay at San Fernando, the work in silver and leather at Santa Inez, in iron and copper at San Luis Rey de Francia. There will be exhibits of historical weaving and carving at San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, and Santa Barbara. Illuminated missals and book-bindings in old vellum still exist to attest to the artistic skill of the Indians so faithfully, so patiently taught by these simple-living, pious Padres. The Padres taught the Indians the art of peace and civilization, and by every means in their power strove to lift them out of the depths of savage life and thought. How far they succeeded is pitifully told in the few relics that remain to us of the natives' handiwork, and in the ruins of the Missions that are, historically and architecturally, the noblest in the United States.

Seventeen of the Missions as built can be seen to-day only on canvas, and only on one painter's canvas. The four remaining missions were painted from a daguerreotype, an old painting, a photograph, and description. The artist made most careful studies of the sites; Nature supplied the background and atmosphere.

The story of Edwin Deakin's struggles and sacrifices to perpetuate these missions before the destroying hand of time and the vandalism of generations of robbery and abuse had utterly obliterated them is as noble a one and as pathetic as any of the many such stories in the realms of art and letters. Unlike geniuses of other times, Mr. Deakin has not had to die to have his work recognized. His twenty-one Missions as painted might stand as a monument of any artist's life-work, but they by no means represent Mr. Deakin's entire work. Coming a very young man to San Francisco in 1870, he at once began the study of the Missions, and from that time studied and painted at intervals until 1899, except for a period of about two years when he lived in Paris and London, where he was well known in art circles, and where his work received recognition at the Paris Salon. His two pictures submitted, "Mont Blanc" and "L'Église de Chelles, la soir," were hung in the Salon of '79. The paintings since made from his studies and sketches of the Château Cluny, Notre-Dame, the old church at Stoke Pogis, and other historic places, have been prized by art-lovers, and hang to-day in the galleries of connoisseurs.

Love of the old, the picturesque, and the romantic came to Mr. Deakin in his earliest youth, when, as a boy in England, he wandered among ruins of churches and castles, dreaming of valorous deeds of bygone heroes, and, in fancy, weaving stories and pictures to fit the hallowed scenes. It is not to be wondered at that after leaving Chicago, where his professional career began in 1869, the crumbling walls of the Missions, the tender sentiment that clung about them, with their Old-World air of peace and restfulness, should awaken anew his youthful devotion to the historic past. Mr. Deakin went far into the study of the history of the Missions, made numberless sketches of wall and tower, took innumerable journeys to out-of-the-way Missions, and has imparted to us, through his interpretation, the story and sentiment of early California life.

Mr. Deakin's work is far from being finished. He hopes and expects to paint the Jesuit Missions of Southern California, and probably also even those of Arizona and Mexico. George Augustus Sala said of Mr. Deakin's work, "A man who can paint stone like that is a fool to stay in California." It is in California, however, that Mr. Deakin's heart is, and here he has put his very best efforts. He has done with the Missions what no other man has done, what no one else can hope to do, for he began thirty-two years ago, before the Missions, though sadly marred by time, had fallen into the hands of the renovator! The painting of the Missions has covered



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SAN CARLOS BORROMEO

a period of thirty years as inspiration prompted, the artist begrudging neither time, study, trouble, nor expense to obtain the best results. It is gratifying to note that the work of recent years, that undertaken by the Landmarks Club of Southern California particularly, is being done along scientific lines by experts, who adhere as far as possible to the original plans and materials used. But the great work of to-day, and one that will facilitate the restoration of the Missions, is the opening up of El Camino. This will lead the sightseer, the visitor, and all lovers of the romantic to the now almost inaccessible Missions, those far from the railways and beaten paths of travel. Then, perhaps, will be revived the old-time custom of the Franciscans of providing horses for travelers at one Mission, to be left at the next, and to be returned in due time by the first returning traveler. Guests were welcome to all that the Mission could provide, as well as to the use of the horses that carried them on their way. But, more than likely, the automobile, at so much an hour, and the modern hotel, will replace the Padres' genial hospitality.

The history of the founding of the Missions, of their beginning in Lower California under the Jesuits, and, later, of their transfer, for political reasons, into the hands of the Franciscans, is too well known to bear repetition here. It is interesting, however, to follow in the footsteps of the Padres from the establishment of the first and most southern Mission, San Diego de Alcala, in July, 1769, on over the road traversed by the early Fathers. This Mission was built mostly of burnt tile, though stone and adobe, as used in the construction of all the Missions, were also here used. This

Mission, which has been spared the ignominy of the whitewasher's brush, lends itself to the richest, most artistic tints in warm reds, tans, yellows, and browns, and, if not the best, is one of the finest of Mr. Deakin's collection. The olive orchard planted by the Padres in 1770 opposite the church still bears fruit.

The second Mission founded, and about a day's journey from San Diego, was San Luis Rey de Francia, known later as the "King of Missions." Numerically, it exceeded any other Mission, having at one time 869 natives enrolled.

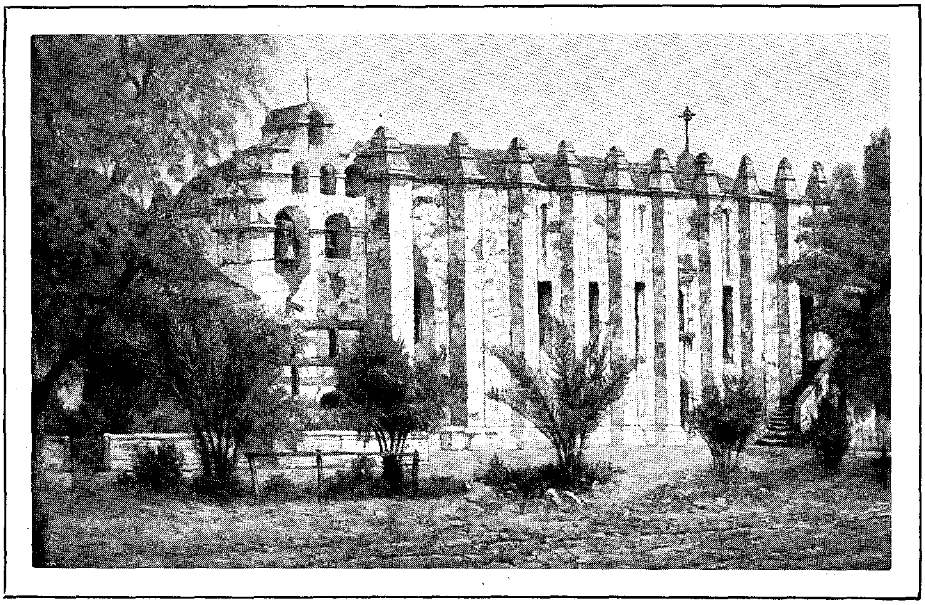
San Juan Capistrano, about two miles from shore, with a noble line of hills for a background, makes one of the most beautiful and striking of Mr. Deakin's pictures. This church was of stone, with a wall five feet thick, and was partly destroyed in the earthquake of 1812. It is a fine example of Byzantine architecture, the most noted illustration of which is the Sophia Mosque at Constantinople, built by Justinian A.D. 532–538. Though the whole front of the building has fallen into decay, the graceful lines marking the dome of the sanctuary are still standing, and the frescoes on the walls are rich in color and plainly decipherable.

San Gabriel Arcangel, because of its nearness to Los Angeles and Pasadena, is the best known of the Missions, and the one most frequently visited by tourists, who are not slow to recognize in the Missions one of the chief charms of California. San Gabriel, said to be a copy of the Cathedral of Valencia, is still in a good state of preservation, and is of more than ordinary interest with its buttressed walls and picturesque belfry, so unlike any of the other Missions.

At San Fernando, the fifth Mission northward on the King's Highway, the papers of capitulation to Fremont were signed when the United States took formal possession of California. There is little in the ruin of this Mission to tell its early story of peace and prosperity.

San Buenaventura, in the busy town of Ventura, has lost nearly all traces of its former life. Fortunately, the chapel bells have been retained and the original lines of the building preserved, but in other respects the "restorer" has had full sway. Modern shingles have replaced the tilings of the Padres' making; the several buildings that formed the Mission have given way to the bustling, up-to-date life of the town.

Santa Barbara, which is still in the hands of the Franciscan Fathers, is one of the largest and is probably the best-known of the Missions. The church is built of



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SAN GABRIEL

stone, with a wall six feet thick, and has a tiled roof. Two imposing towers rise from the front, in one of which the bells hang. Stretching out on the western side is a low arched corridor, and back of this a charming old garden, which women are never permitted to visit.

Santa Inez, which is forty miles across the mountain from Santa Barbara, was little known until recently. It has a commanding view from the head of a beautiful valley from which forest-covered hills rise on one side, and a long sweep of meadow-land slopes away on the other. When Mr. Deakin painted this Mission in 1875, the nineteen original arches were standing, but to-day only ten of them remain. The lovely carved timbers of the interior are one of the attractions of this otherwise plain building.

San Miguel is one of the few Missions that retain much of the original character, and its church and adjoining buildings are in fairly good state of preservation. The painting of this Mission represents the long line of arches as being of varied widths, and the framework supporting the bells as another distinctive feature. The interior decorations of the church are in the original colors done by the Indians in 1797.

In the fast-decaying Mission of San Antonio de Padua, away from the regular line of travel, little is left to indicate that at one time it was one of the richest Missions, celebrated for its fine quality of wheat and flour. The Mission at that time included seven large farms, each with its own chapel, set amid a park-like country of exquisite beauty.

Unlike San Antonio, the Mission Nuestra Señora de la Soledad was never a thriving one. Its lonely ruins tell a most pitiful tale. A story is told of a friar who labored here with the Indians for thirty years, sharing his last morsel with them, and working on and on, until one morning he fell in a faint while saying mass, and literally died of starvation.

San Carlos Borromeo del Carmel (commonly called Carmel) was built of creamy-white stone in the Moorish style, with a quaint outside stairway leading to the belfry. The fanciful windows and low tiled roof, as depicted in Mr. Deakin's painting of this exquisitely harmonious structure, have given place to more modern windows and a steep shingled roof, much to the regret of the lover of the beautiful.

A railroad built to one side successfully drew off the population of the once flourishing town of San Juan Bautista. The Mission buildings at one time surrounded the plaza. The church building that remains faces it. The long, massively arched corridor remains as it was in the days of the Padres. Of the chime of nine bells but one is left. Still, there is much of interest, much that is quaint and picturesque, to the student of art and of history. Gorgeous vestments, robes, and laces are laid away in chests in the sacristy. The baptismal font in use to-day, carved from a single piece of sandstone, is the same that was used by the Padres. In a delightful old garden, overgrown with vines, roses, and palms, the same old sun-dial tells the hour; beyond, in the old cemetery, sleep thousands of Mexicans and Indians awaiting the last call.

San Francisco de Assi (Mission Dolores, of San Francisco) has but one of the early buildings left—the church, and that is overtopped by so modern a structure that it looks, as one sightseer remarked, "as if it were built yesterday." This was the first of the Missions painted by Mr. Deakin.

San Francisco de Solano was the farthest north and the poorest of all the Missions. This Mission marks the burial-place of the father and mother of General Vallejo, for whom the town of Vallejo was named. Solano marks the last and most northerly of the Roman Catholic Missions on the King's Highway, and it is the last and most southerly of the Missions established by the Greek Catholics on this coast.

The faith of the eighteenth century has left as a heritage to Californians these superb Missions, such as no other part of the world has ever seen. With their fascinating handicrafts, they are of the first importance both as art treasures and historic landmarks. Edwin Deakin has opened the eyes of Californians to the urgency of preserving these landmarks, and to this end the Road will doubtless be restored and preserved.

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation

By Dorothy Canfield

ENOS HEWLITT came breathlessly to the spot where the boys were playing marbles. He swelled with the importance of news to tell.

"The new kid's come, and he says the place they lived in before this *was* Haverford!"

The boys stopped playing instantly and gathered about Enos. This was news! A chorus of eager questions assailed the messenger.

"No, I didn't ask. I didn't have time to. I just saw him coming along with his folks, and they went in the old Lathrop place. I knew by that *'twas* him, and so I played leapfrog over their hitching-post till he come out, and then I said to him *did* he useter to live in Haverford, and he said 'yes,' and I was just going to ask him about the rest when his father come to the door and says, 'Eli, you come right in.' But he said it kind of cross and he's got an awful big mustache, and so I guess maybe he's like the Haverford fathers our folks tell about."

This was the extent of the bulletin of information offered by Enos, but this was enough to make the boys lay aside their marbles and devote all their energies to discussing every detail of it. They were New England boys in a small village, high and isolated among the mountains. The advent of new people in the town was an exciting event in any case, but when there was a boy in the family, and a boy of their own age, it brought the great change close to them, and they had echoed their parents' speculations about the Bowens during all their waking hours. But the cap to the climax was that the newcomers came from Haverford, commonly called Haverford-over-the-mountain to distinguish it from the large manufacturing town about which they studied in their geographies. For Haverford was the scene of most of the stories told them by their parents about their own childhood.

Haverford had been one of the last strongholds of the old Puritan spirit, and there the children of the previous generation had been treated with all the strictest Puritan severity. The grumbling of a Ledbury boy over piling wood invariably met with the response, "Well, if you'd been a little boy in Haverford, as I was, you'd think you were lucky to have no more to do than *that!*" And the sight of a child deep in an illustrated children's magazine on a quiet Sunday afternoon always elicited the comment, "I'd just like to have your grandmother in Haverford see you now!"

Not that Ledbury boys were treated with severity. They did odd chores around the house and were made to go to school regularly, but beyond that were as free as boys of non-Puritan ancestry. Perhaps it was this very freedom that made them so eager to hear stories about the Haverford days of their fathers and mothers, whom a small wave of immigration had carried over the mountain to Ledbury. When a boy was sick and could call for whatever story he liked, it was always, "Tell me about when grandfather licked you for going to the turkey raffle," or "I want the meteor story, and how you didn't dare tell grandmother about it because the minister was visiting," or "How many rows of corn to hoe did you have for your stint when you were my age?"

And now, from the dim prehistoric regions of their parents' childhood, Haverford and its discipline were about to spring into real life under their eyes in the person of the new boy.

They started down towards the old Lathrop place, trying to give this concerted movement the appearance of accident by carrying on a disjointed game of ball, pitching and catching it as they walked. As they came in sight of the house they stopped this pretense and gazed at the front yard to see if the new Bowen boy was there. He was not; but as they looked, the father, a tall man with a high nose and a bushy black mustache, came out of the house, strode down the path with a commanding air, opened the gate with a slam, closed it with a bang, and walked rapidly down the village street. The boys looked at each other with deep comprehension of this incident. He was sure-enough Haverford—*any one* could see that!

At this point the new boy came out of the house and began to explore the yard. He was a boy a little younger than most of the others—perhaps eleven, with large, thoughtful blue eyes and a thatch of tow hair. All Ledbury eyes were fixed on him as the boys came down the walk and all Ledbury feet came to a standstill as they reached the gate. The new boy looked up and saw the little crowd. If his heart failed him at the sight, he did not show it. He came down to the gate with no hesitation and yet with no undue haste. The other boys did not know how to begin. This sort of an interview was new to them.

"What's your name?" asked one of them, finally.

"Eli. What's yours?"

"Did you useter live in Haverford?"

"Yes, I did," said Eli—and with that suddenly the ice was broken and a flood of questions poured forth, all the boys speaking at once.

"Do you have stints of corn hoeing to do when the other boys are all playing? Do they let you play on Saturday evening? Can you read what you want to Sunday afternoon? Does your father think it's wicked to go to the circus?"

Eli looked bewildered. He had scarcely caught the drift of the questions, so rapidly had they been hurled at him. As a lull came and they waited for him to answer, he stood silent, looking a little dazed. One of the smaller boys, resenting the importance which Eli's newness in the town gave him, said, in a shrill and skeptical voice, "Aw, he don't know what we're talking about! *I* don't believe the fathers in Haverford are so awful cross! I bet he gets let to do things as much as we do." The speaker's father was not a Haverford man, and he was eager to destroy the distinction of the town in the eyes of the others.

But his taunt brought out a response from the new boy more quickly than all the well-meant questions. Eli turned on him with a new light in his blue eyes. "You don't know what *you're* talking about!" he said, scornfully. "Does your father ever make you dig up a hundred dandelion roots out of the yard in one afternoon?"

The skeptical Nathaniel was obliged to confess that he did not, and this reluctant statement was almost disregarded in a fresh rush of questions. This time Eli was responsive.

"Yes sirree! Five long rows to hoe 'fore I can go to school, and a licking if teacher sends back word I'm late." "Well, I should say! A hundred sticks to pile every evening before I have a bite of supper, less'n sometimes m' mother sneaks me out a little." "No, he's just fightin' mad if you so much as speak circus to him, an' once I ran away and went, and gee whillikens!—when I come home—if it hadn't been for m' mother!"

The boys hung on his words, and he stood talking to them as though he had always known them till a heavy step sounded on the stone walk. "There he comes, and I haven't piled a stick!" He darted around the house, and the boys in a delicious panic fled away in every direction, so that when Eli's father came striding along the yard was empty.

Eli's arrival in Ledbury proved to be as important an event even as the boys had anticipated. In fact, it changed the entire current of boy life in the village. Not only was he a never-failing source of Haverford stories, but the exciting nature of his daily hairbreadth escapes from alarming punishments added an element of adventure to their hitherto so prosaic lives. At any other boy's house the signal for a rally to a baseball game was an open halloing and whistling before his door. "Hi there! Nat! Come on and be fielder. We're going to play in front of the blacksmith shop." No such commonplace and obvious securing of Eli! The boys crept up the alley back of the house, gave a low whistle which they flattered themselves might be taken for a bird-note, and stood, eye to knothole, to await developments. Eli then came out of the house in a casual manner and absent-mindedly whistled one stave from Money-Musk. Then, taking up a hoe, he started towards the little field of sweet corn near the house, breathlessly watched by the crowd on the other side of the fence. Once in the shadow of the corn he dropped his hoe, and, doubling over like Uncas in "The Last of the Mohicans," he ran along, completely concealed. At the end he must climb the fence, and the quick dash with which he did this, after a hasty scrutiny of the windows, always made an exciting moment for the watchers. Once in the street he was safe, and joined them in the alley, breathless and red, but with his blue eyes gleaming with the spirit of adventure. Scouts were then sent out to make sure that the way was clear, and the whole party, hiding Eli in their midst, swept across the village thrilling with excitement at every big black mustache they saw.

They scarcely noticed that Eli could not play baseball very well, once he was safely in the game. Merely to have him, after the elaborate precautions that were necessary, added zest to the performance. Some of the smaller boys were set as pickets to watch for the approach of the enemy, and if he were seen, the boys would disperse to the four winds with a clatter and whir like a covey of partridges. They were almost persuaded that they, too, must hide from Eli's father.

There was no longer any need to play Indian or train-robber or hunter, or to have imaginary enemies lurking in the bushes. A very real one walked the streets. Every faculty was strained in getting Eli safely away to play and safely back again. They made a table of his father's probable movements, and the older boys elaborated various schemes for diverting his attention if he should ever come upon Eli enjoying forbidden fun. Enos Hewlitt was very bold in his statements. "I sh'd just tell him right out he was a left-over—nobody's father is like that any more!" The boys all assured Eli many times that they would stand by him in case of necessity. At such moments Eli looked very uncomfortable, as though the very idea of being found out by his father were overwhelming to him, in spite of his supporters.

There were times, of course, when even the astonishing care and strategic skill of the boys did not avail to shield Eli's exits and entrances from the watchful eyes over the black mustache. Once he was almost at the end of a long maneuver, connected with weeding the flower-bed, which was to land him on the street and in an expedition up the side of the mountain, when a loud voice had called, "Eli, where are you going? Come back here a minute."

Eli had disappeared in the house, and *had not come out!* The boys went on up to the hole in the rock they called Mammoth Cave, but there was little savor in their excursion and much suppressed excitement among them. They were manifestly relieved when Eli appeared at school the next morning, as usual. Enos asked, "What 'd he do?" but this elicited no response from Eli but a melancholy rolling of the eyes, as though speech were inadequate. The boys rallied around him now, more than ever, and in the unity of this common feeling forgot to oppress the little boys. It was indeed a happy time for these latter. Scorned and ignored before in games of Indian and horse-thief, they were admitted into this new and fascinating game as participants of real value. They were especially useful as spies, for nobody would think of suspecting them. They were delighted when set to watch Eli's father, and felt deliciously important and mysterious when their prosaic-minded fathers and mothers asked what they were doing hanging around the barber-shop. Little did they guess that the boys were keen-eyed spies watching the lather removed from around the black mustache with no less acuteness and patience than Chingachgook showed in watching the fires of a hostile Indian village. As for the main body of which they were the scouts, that was engaged in playing marbles with a new sense of the value of the game when it must be secured with such efforts, and with a keener relish in all innocent amusements now that they were no longer innocent.

Eli's courage was invincible through

all these nerve-racking experiences, and he did not hesitate before the boldest schemes proposed. Not even when Enos in careless bravado dared the other boys to go in swimming in the Ice-hole—a basin in the river whose name leaves nothing to be said for the temperature of its waters, and where several Ledbury boys of past generations had been drowned—not even then did Eli draw back. He even egged on the other boys, who had all been forbidden to go near the dangerous spot.

"Aw! 'fraid-cats! Come on! What do you think your folks'll do? Why, my father'd *kill* me if he caught me there, but I'm going! *What's* a licking?" This was coming home from school on a hot day, and Eli's taunts and the thought of the cool water gathered quite a crowd together.

This was a most exciting adventure, for not only must Eli exercise the most catlike caution in getting away, but all the boys must invent excuses for being out of sight for some time. But finally they were all assembled on the brink of the pool, still glowing with excitement over a masterly performance of Eli's in swinging himself along from tree to tree in the orchard till he reached the wall and then dropping exactly behind the lilac-bush and making off on all fours.

The water of the Ice-hole was as still as glass and as black as ink; cold, deadly water where there lurked an undercurrent which had carried away the bodies of the lads lost in it before. The boys were in no hurry to go in now that they were there, and the mocking voice of Nathaniel was soon raised in his usual sneers. "Aw, you're afraid, you Eli! Whyn't you go in? I bet you're afraid to dive from that stump."

Eli had his ever-present answer to any doubts as to his courage.

"I guess you never lived in Haverford! I guess your father never licked you till you couldn't walk just for gettin' to school late!"

The other boys were against Nathaniel, as usual. No special feats were to be demanded of Eli, whose whole life was a succession of brilliantly executed proofs of courage, skill, and forethought.

"Go in yourself, Nat!" they answered. "I guess if you was Eli you'd think you'd done enough to come swimmin' at all, 'thout divin'!"

There were times when they thought Eli almost ostentatious about his father, but as a rule they supported him.

Nathaniel was no coward, although one of the smaller boys, and he was about to dare the others to dive from the stump backwards when he noticed the bushes near him softly part, and his terrified eyes fell on the formidable black mustache of Eli's father! Paralyzed with horror, he stood perfectly still, his white body showing like a statue against the gleaming black water. His voice died away weakly in his throat as he tried to call to Eli to run, and he grew colder and colder as the bushes opened wider and wider and Eli's father, with a large stick in his hand, stood revealed. His silence and strained attitude called the attention of the other boys to him, and they had just turned his way when, casting aside all pretense, their enemy stepped out on the little pebbly beach.

He was between them and their clothes, between them and the only way out, or they would have made a dash for it. As it was, they felt utterly helpless and despairing. Their nakedness removed any vestige of self-possession they might have had. They were all in a frozen panic. Eli was utterly forgotten. Enos Hewlitt, the dauntless, could not take his eyes from the threatening figure approaching, although he grew faint and sick with its every step.

Then Eli's father opened his lips and spoke.

"Hello, sonny! Going in swimming? Well, now, I'm glad of that! Every boy ought to know how to swim well. I wonder if you can swim as far under water as your dad used to at your age?"

These were the words that fell on the uncomprehending ears of the frightened boys. They took in the sense of them at first as little as though the man had spoken in Choctaw. They were still crouching in strained attitudes as their visitor looked about him, when a crashing in the bushes was heard and the pale face of Enos Hewlitt's father appeared, looking distractedly for Enos.

"Enos, Enos, are you crazy? Your mother's wild about you. Come here instantly and put on your clothes! Oh, you're here, Mr. Bowen," catching sight of the other man. "I suppose you're after *your* boy. I heard accidentally the children were off down here, and my wife was almost crazy. Her brother was drowned here. Enos! You hurry!"

Mr. Bowen answered in his loud voice. "Why, no, I didn't even know what the boys were up to. I just happened to be down here to look up some points in surveying. I don't keep very much track of what Eli does, to tell the truth. I believe in letting boys alone. I was brought up in Haverford, and *you* know what the discipline used to be there. I never forgave my father and mother, and I always vowed that when I had children of my own they should do everything they wanted to. I want 'em to have what I didn't! My wife says I'm too slack, and she *does* make Eli mind—once in a while." This with a loud laugh. "But, as far as I'm concerned, the boy does about as he pleases. How about that, Eli?"

A great change had taken place in the group of boys during the conversation between the two men. They had heard and partially understood, and now with one accord were looking at Eli. Nathaniel's incorrigibly skeptical voice was raised.

"Why, Mr. Bowen!" he said, "Eli says you lick the stuffin' out of him if he does the least thing, and that you'd just kill him if 'tweren't for his mother."

Mr. Bowen's face assumed an expression of infinite astonishment. "What are you talking about?" he demanded, in an incredulous tone. "Eli, what's he talking about?"

Eli stood perfectly still in the midst of his fellows, his small white body almost visibly shaken by the storm of emotion that possessed him. Overpowering shame before his comrades was the feeling most vividly shown by his attitude. He was absolutely crushed by this sudden awakening out of his imaginary unreal world, and there was no room for any other pain.

There was a long silence as the father faced the son and waited for an explanation. Eli shrunk more and more together, and hung his head lower and lower. Then Mr. Bowen spoke again, and the loud voice was soft and the big black mustache trembled a little.

"*Why, Eli!*" he said in a low tone.

A sudden reaction of feeling swept over the boy. He rushed towards his father, trembling with the strong emotion of the imaginative child, half crying with remorse and eagerness to explain and set himself right.

"Paw!" he gasped, "oh, Paw! If I could just tell you so's you'd see. Paw, I didn't *mean* to do it. Paw, I *didn't* mean to do it!" The child's better nature rose. It was to clear himself before the father he had wronged that he struggled and choked. The scorn of his playfellows was forgotten.

"Paw, it was this way! Over in Haverford, where we lived on the farm, I never had anybody to play with, and I got so tired of playing Indian all by myself, and I began playing you were like Grandfather—you'd told me how he was—and I'd pertend you wouldn't let me do things, and then it was so much more fun to do them. And then, when we used to go to town, all the other boys' fathers wouldn't let them do things, and you kept letting me do everything, and I was so different from 'em, and I wanted to be like 'em"—he was clinging to his father's knees as he uttered this wail of the primitive gregarious animal—"and then when we came to live here all the boys thought everybody in Haverford was like those stories. *They* all had to do things around the house, and you never made me do a single thing!—I said it all pertend—just *pertend*—at first and set myself stints to do, an' then—an' then—it got so real—oh, Paw! I didn't mean to do it! Oh, Paw! if you could only just see!"

He was hysterical, crying and laughing as he reached this stage in his astonishing explanation. He was cut short by being lifted by strong arms and held close. His agitated little body shook with sobs, and he could but half hear his father's voice saying, "There, there, sonny. Don't worry about it! If you're sorry, it's all right. Go get your clothes on and I'll take you home."

He lay still for a moment, limp with the reaction from his excitement. Then, raising his swollen, tear-blurred face, he uttered with a sigh of perfect trust the following tribute to Mr. Bowen—somewhat remarkable under the circumstances: "I just *knew* you'd understand, Paw!"

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Acquisition of Political, Social, and Industrial Rights of Man in America. By John Bach McMaster. Western Reserve Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Cleveland, Ohio. 5×8½ in. 123 pages.

An unfortunately limited edition of four lectures delivered by Professor McMaster before the Western Reserve University last spring, upon the political, social, educational, and industrial rights not possessed by the less privileged classes of colonial times, but now enjoyed by all men in most of our States. Professor McMaster's luminous survey of movements by which these rights were extended—often partly visionary agitations backed only by workingmen—ends with the liberalization of the suffrage in Rhode Island after the Dorr rebellion, the more recent extensions of rights, particularly to the slaves, being regarded as too familiar a field to promise equal enlightenment from further examination. The lectures are exceptionally full of human interest, because most of the matters with which they deal touch closely the every-day lives of men as distinguished from remote questions of National finance or international diplomacy. Much of the material is new, even to people well informed upon our National history. It is surprising, for instance, how many teachers are unfamiliar with the struggle it took in some States to establish the principle of free schools except for children willing to be graded as paupers.

Addresses to Boys, Girls, and Young People. By T. Rhondda Williams. James Robinson, Manchester. 5×7½ in. 232 pages.

The twenty sermons which comprise the Rev. Mr. Williams's volume are simply written, and contain religious counsel, practical, helpful, and entirely free from any touch of cant.

Alexander in the Ark. By Francis Russell Burrow. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 199 pages.

Alexander is a little English boy who, falling asleep over his playthings, discovers in dreamland that his favorite Noah's ark has grown large or himself small, and accordingly pays it a visit. He meets with many surprising experiences; for, as the reader will find to his amusement, helped materially by the excellent portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Noah and Messieurs and Mesdames Shem, Ham, and Japhet, the wooden inmates of the ark are really a very animated company

Beginnings of Maryland, 1631–1639. By Bernard C. Steiner, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins University Studies on Historical and Political Science. Series XXI., Nos. 8, 9, 10.) The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore. 6×9¾ in. 112 pages.

Book of American Humor. Vol. I. Prose. Vol. II. Verse. Composed by the Best Known American Writers. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4½×7 in.

There are many old favorites here. The preponderance of fantastic spelling in the earlier and of slang in the later prose selections may be ascribed to the character of American humor or to the collator's taste, as one likes.

Century of Expansion (A). By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D. With Maps. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 316 pages. $1.50, net.

An account of the successive expansions of the authority of the American people, first over the territories to the West and South, which they themselves have tilled and developed, and finally over the newly acquired islands already well peopled by other races. The author believes that all these expansions are the same in essence and will prove alike beneficial in their results.

Christ and Progress: A Discussion of Problems of Our Time. By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 267 pages. $1.20, net.

Colomba. By Prosper Merimée. Edited by Hiram Parker Williamson. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 220 pages.

Critical and Historical Essays. By Thomas B. Macaulay. Edited by F. C. Montague, M.A. In 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in.

These three volumes are the latest addition to Putnam's Library of Standard Literature, and are furnished with an introduction and notes by Professor Montague, of University College, London, who has wisely refrained from overloading his volumes with explanations, but has left the Essays largely to tell their own story, with the exception of an occasional bit of information elucidating a historical or personal allusion. No essays more completely render their meaning to intelligent readers without the aid of an interpreter. The books are well made in excellent library style.

Elements of Political Economy. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 538 pages.

Not a mere condensation, but also a revision of the author's larger work on the Principles of Political Economy. It is admirably adapted to the uses of a text-book, Professor Nicholson's work being always searching in its analysis and authoritative in its judgment.

Expansion of Russia, 1815-1900 (The). By Francis Henry Skrine, F.S.S. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 386 pages.

An admirable piece of work both in plan and in execution. The author keeps his attention on the events which shaped after events, and by keen analysis of their moral and political significance has been able in this compact volume to explain the growth of Russia. If he has any pronounced bias, it is his disposition to defend the Russian Government against the sweeping denunciations of Russophobists, both radical and reactionary. But even where the reader fails to share his view, he recognizes that they are the views of an eminently judicial mind, guided by conscience and not by passion.

Faust: A Dramatic Mystery. By Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by John Anster, LL.D. (Newnes Pocket Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3½×6½ in. 250 pages. $1, net.

Another prettily bound, thin-paper, small-volume edition of a classic. Dr. Anster's blank verse translation is adequate if not especially poetical.

Five Little Peppers at School. By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 453 pages. $1.10, net.

The "little Peppers'" young friends will find this record of their school days quite as interesting as any previous volume of this popular series.

Forging Ahead. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 369 pages. 90c., net. (Postage, 12c.)

A juvenile of a familiar type, in which the poor but honest hero distances the evil rich man's son in every competition, fathoms the malicious schemes of maturer wrongdoers, outwits brilliant lawyers, foils burglars, prevents the machinations of unworthy trespassers on an aged relative's bounty, and finally comes into the reward of so much virtue through being made heir to this gentleman's fortune.

French and English Furniture. By Esther Singleton. Illustrated by H. D. Nichols. (McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 7×11 in. 394 pages. $5.

Inevitably one notes first the great physical beauty of this extremely handsome and finely illustrated volume. Nothing but praise may be said of its strong but elegant binding, its good paper, and its scores of well-rendered pictures of typical specimens of furniture. The author's method is to treat her subjects by distinctive styles and periods. Thus, a chapter each is devoted to the periods of Louis XII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., and the Empire, to the Jacobean, Queen Anne, and Early Georgian periods, and (by makers) to those of Chippendale, Adam, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton. Moreover, the text describes not merely the furniture, but to some extent the social and artistic traits, of the period under discussion, and notes many things indirectly connected with the main topic. From the book a reader may gain an intelligent idea of the history of artistic design in furniture and decoration.

From Empire to Republic: The Story of the Struggle for Constitutional Government in Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll. With Map and Portraits. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 336 pages. $1.40, net.

An admirable political history of Mexico—compact but presenting with great clearness the significant events, philospohical but teaching its philosophy by means of a spirited narrative. The volume is happily given an exceptional interest at the present time by reason of the enforced prominence of Spanish-American politics in our own political discussion. Mexico, of course, is not Colombia, but the race elements among its population and the questions upon which its parties divide are essentially the same, so that Mr. Noll's discriminating account of the politics of the one country gives an insight into that of the other. His connection with a Southern university does not lead him in the slightest degree to minimize the sympathy between the aristocratic party in Mexico, which defended the foreign rule of Maximilian against the champions of Mexican independence, and the Southern Confederacy, which was fighting for the principle of sectional secession against the supremacy of the Union. So far as political principles went, this sympathy was most inconsistent; but class feelings go deeper than political platforms, and more often determine the attitude of men and parties toward the concrete issues of political life.

From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond. Edited and Arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 313 pages. $2, net.

Readers of Stevenson's letters know his delight at having his mother with him in Samoa. Her letters, mostly written to relatives in Scotland from the South Seas, but with some from the Adirondacks, not only give pleasant additional glimpses of the romancer's home life, but disclose in the writer a woman of rare strength of character and real charm. Her portrait has a strong resemblance to her famous son, and it is clear that he inherited from her more than physical traits.

George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, 1628-1687: A Study in the History of the Restoration. By Winifred, Lady Burghclere. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 414 pages. $6, net.

Many little-known sources have been exhausted to make this life story of the second and baser Villiers complete and accurate. The author's view is not at all that of an admirer of the Buckinghams or even of the Stuarts. She makes a careful study of the follies and vice of the Restoration. The book is well printed and illustrated.

Greek Primer (A). By Clarence W. Gleason, A.M. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 349 pages.

Hermit's Wild Friends (A). By Mason A. Walton. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 304 pages. $1.50, net.

This volume by the Hermit of Bond's Hill, who has lived nearly a fifth of a century in a hut in the woods near Gloucester, Massachusetts, is a book that will delight all nature and animal lovers. It is very fully and beautifully illustrated.

History of Classical Scholarship (A): From the Sixth Century B.C. to the End of the Middle Ages. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 671 pages.

It is the tradition that Cambridge is more devoted to mathematics and science, Oxford to classical studies; but in this volume Cambridge is at the fore of her rival. It is a work of immense research in a vast field explored only by specialists, but important for its relation to modern educational systems. By "classical scholarship" is meant not mere erudition, but "the accurate study of the language, literature, and art of Greece and Rome, and of all that they teach as to the nature and history of man." In this field the historian passes from one seat of learning to another; from Athens to Alexandria and Pergamon, thence to Rome, and thence to Constantinople. The Byzantine period of the history is the longest of all, some eight centuries, till at the dawn of the Renaissance new homes of learning appear in the West. A vast amount of historical and critical detail is packed into a volume that is small in comparison with the amplitude to which it might have been extended. Not merely the grammarians, lexicographers, and critics, but the great masters of literature, the schoolmen, and the monks to whose copy-work we owe the preservation of ancient classics, move in long procession through these pages under critical survey. Dr. Sandys's work is a thesaurus for all students of his subject. It is well indexed, and contains many illustrations. A subsequent volume is intended to bring the history down to the present time.

History of Egypt. By Ross G. Murison, M.A., B.D. (Bible Class Primers.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3¾×5¾ in. 110 pages.

History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. By R. W. Carlyle, C.I.E., and A. J. Carlyle, M.A. Vol. I. Second Century to the Ninth. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 314 pages.

It is not popularly supposed that any continuity of political thought exists between Cæsar's contemporaries and our own. Yet Mr. Carlyle is warranted in saying that "the theory of government which the jurists of the old world handed down to the new was a theory in which all authority in the State is conceived of as coming from the people." This holds true, at any rate, from the Augustan age of Rome to the French Revolution. The break between ancient and modern political theory occurred earlier than the first century B.C., when the doctrine of the natural equality of men, as held in Cicero's time, displaced that of natural inequality taught by Aristotle. When Christianity rose to power, it found a political theory established which it modified only in detail. The Teutonic nations that subverted the throne of the Cæsars brought in their own political and social traditions, but tried to harmonize these with those accepted by the Church fathers. There is no lack of political theorizing in the Middle Ages, and its history is largely that of a conflict on the source of political authority. While anything like systematic political thought is not found there, Mr. Carlyle shows that even in the disorderly ninth century three principles are plainly asserted: the equality of human nature, the sacredness of government, and the responsibility of the ruler to the nation. The historical and critical work embodied in this volume is indispensable to a correct estimate of the political theories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to which a succeeding volume is devoted.

In Happy Hollow. By Max Adeler (Charles Heber Clark). Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 337 pages.

A jumble of farce, caricature, and melodrama are these "annals of a quiet neighborhood," the precise locality of which it would be difficult for any one but the author to determine.

Ivanhoe: A Romance. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Edited by Carrie E. Tucker Dracass. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 551 pages. 60c., net.

Izaak Walton and His Friends. By Stapleton Martin, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 263 pages. $3.50, net.

The author of this notably handsome volume writes chiefly, he tells us, to bring out the spiritual side of Walton's character, and it is surprising to find how much there is on record as to this point that has not heretofore been generally known. Among Walton's friends were Thomas Fuller, Ken, Holdsworth, Pearson, and a dozen other famous divines, while he himself wrote biographies of Donne, Wotton, Herbert, Hooker, and Sanderson, and his religious verse is worthy of preservation.

John Maxwell's Marriage. By Stephen Gwynn. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 355 pages.

An Irish romance of the last century, interesting in plot and action, and able in its presentment of the manners and morals of that time and place.

Laws of Imitation (The). By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the French by Elsie Clews Parsons. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 404 pages. $3, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Life and Adventures of "Jack" Philip, Rear-Admiral United States Navy. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. Assisted by Barrett Philip. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 280 pages. $2.50.

"Don't cheer, men; those poor fellows are dying," was the echo of a sailor's spirit of compassion, charity, and Christian character. That spirit, as shown by Admiral Philip, not only at Santiago but at many another place over the world's surface, and at many another time in his virile career, is worthily set forth in the pages of this memorial. But we see no reason why a nickname should appear on the cover and on the title-page of a dignified biography. Admiral Philip was a hero in a naval record already rich in such examples. While the biography throws light on recent history, it is specially to be commended to the reading of boys and young men; they will find in it an inspiration towards Christian manliness.

Little Lady of the Fort (The). By Annie M. Barnes. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 377 pages. 90c., net.

This story of the year 1572 relates to Louise La Pierre, daughter of the French commandant of Fort Ribant, in the territory now known as South Carolina. How she befriended a soldier of the enemy, was herself taken prisoner, and after many perils escaped through his aid, are some details of her adventures, which are all set forth by the romance in a very entertaining manner.

Little Masterpieces of American Wit and Humor. Edited by Thomas L. Mason. In 6 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4×6 in. Per vol., 75c. Per set, $4.50.

This series of volumes edited by Mr. Thomas L. Mason contains an intelligent and very full selection of representative pieces of American wit and humor from the works of a long list of American humorists from Benjamin Franklin to Mark Twain, with special attention to contemporary humorists. The selection is valuable not only because it is a little library of extremely readable literature, but also because it brings out the richness and variety of humor among American writers. The books are simply but tastefully made.

Mamzelle Fifine. By Eleanor Atkinson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 396 pages. $1.50.

A vivid and charming picture of the Empress Josephine's early life in the West Indian plantation home of her father, Joseph de Tascher, Sieur de la Pagerie.

Manor School (The). By L. T. Meade. Illustrated. The Mershon Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 337 pages.

Militarism: A Contribution to the Peace Crusade. By Guglielmo Ferrero. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5¾×9 in. 320 pages. $3.50, net.

A brilliant and profound argument that in our day militarism is an anachronism, since industrial struggles, not military, are to-day the sure basis of national prestige and power. An important contribution to the literature of the great peace crusade which, despite temporary discouragements, is winning recruits in every part of Christendom and promises, in the author's view, "a Pax Christiana . . . of longer duration and more glorious than the Pax Augusta."

Misunderstood. By Evangelist H. D. Kennedy. William Briggs, Toronto. 5×7 in. 105 pages.

Napoleon the First: A Biography. By August Fournier. Translated by Margaret Bacon Corwin and Arthur Dart Bissell. Edited by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 836 pages.

A biography of Napoleon the First in one volume is written, it is to be presumed, for one of two purposes: either as a text-book for the historical student in school or college, or as a popular account, in compact form, of one of the most dramatic and one of the most influential lives in modern history. We judge that this book might serve the first purpose very well; we do not think it serves the second. It is careful, painstaking, we judge accurate, clear in narration, and fair-minded in its spirit. This is all that is necessary for the student; it is not all that is necessary for the general reader. For his use it should also be interpretative. The writer should either have the dramatic imagination, so that he can see clearly and depict vividly the characters of his story, make them live before his readers as human characters, and thus interpret the story vitally and dramatically; or he should have the philosopher's mind, see what relation the episode he treats bears to the general development of human history, and so order his narration of events as to make his reader perceive their significance as a part of the evolution of human society. August Fournier has no dramatic imagination. His characters are not living men and women. If they were on the stage, we should call them "sticks." He has some sense of the relation of the Napoleonic episode to the development of the human race, but not much; it can hardly be said that his book is philosophically interpretative. To a student of history who wishes to get in compact form a simple statement of the events of Napoleon's career this book will be useful. But this, in our judgment, will be the limit of its usefulness. We may add that it ought to have been accompanied with maps. Without maps the military career of Napoleon is scarcely intelligible to one not exceptionally familiar with the political geography of Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Odes of Anacreon (The). Translated by Thomas Moore. With Designs by Girodet de Roussy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4½×7½ in. 166 pages.

Moore's versified rendering of Anacreon is peculiarly happy because the two poets had not a little in common. Roussy's designs are a little startling for modern taste, but are in their very nude way classical. This edition is handsomely printed.

Old Testament History. By Rev. O. R. Barnicott, LL.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 138 pages. 30c., net.

Outline of the Science of Study. By James G. Moore. Hinds & Noble, New York. 5×7½ in. 275 pages. $1.

Path of Stars (The). By Margaret Crosby Munn. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 289 pages. $1.50.

Another musical novel of the present day, with New York for its background. The story is told by the heroine, who is very frank and outspoken on the subject of her personal appearance and gift of song, but a trifle confused in the matter of tenses, and vague concerning the nature of her hero's wonderful power of healing. She leaves, however, no room for doubt as to the intensity of their mutual and eventually reciprocal feeling, dealing it out to the reader in generous measure, pressed down and running over at the conclusion in an "Afterword" and "L'Envoi" of transcendental emotion.

Petronilla Heroven. By U. L. Silberrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 319 pages.

A book of considerable story interest, told in an original way. Miss Silberrad's people, however, here as in her other books, are rather vivid than natural, and some of their actions are inconsequent and even puzzling.

Poems of Philip Freneau (The): Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred Lewis Pattee. Vol. II. The University Library, Princeton, N. J. 6×10 in. 407 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Poems of Tennyson. Chosen and Edited by Henry van Dyke. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 341 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Religions of India (The): Brahmanism and Buddhism. By Rev. Allan Menzies, D.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×5½ in. 103 pages. 30c., net.

Reynard the Fox. Adapted by E. Louise Smythe. Illustrated. (Eclectic School Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 122 pages.

Rose of Holly Court (A). By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5¼×7¾ in. 183 pages.

Rosie Dolan is almost "too good to be true" in a tenement district or any other where, yet in some respects the author has made this little Irish girl a very real character, and her story is a pretty one, in spite of some exaggeration and forced sentiment. Also, it offers an interesting suggestion for juvenile settlement work.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam (The). Newly Paraphrased by Ruel William Whitney. With a Slight Foreword by C. C. M., Jr. The Miner Studio, Cleveland, Ohio. 5×7 in. 44 pages.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: A Revised Text and Translation, with Exposition and Notes. By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 314 pages. $3.

For fresh commentaries on this book—a favorite with all who are attracted by its emphasis on the idea of corporate religion, that is, of the Church as the continuing embodiment of the life of Christ in the world—the strong current that sets to-day toward the reunion of the divided Church offers ever fresh inducement. This seems to be the *motif* of Dean Robinson's work in exposition of a truth "never more needed than it is to-day." In two divisions he gives, first, the English text with full commentary; next, the Greek text with critical notes. Theologically, as in interpreting such phrases as "children of wrath" and "the blood of Christ," Dean Robinson is more conservative than his great predecessor, Dean Stanley. The question of authorship, whether the Epistle is Paul's own, or whether, as maintained by his fellow-churchman, the late Dr. E. P. Gould, in his "Biblical Theology of the New Testament," it is the work of an Alexandrian Jew of the second century, upon a basis of Pauline material, he does not touch. The critical and philological portion of the work is done with the fine finish that is the boast of English university training.

Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 6½×9½ in. 130 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Scientific Tone Production: A Manual for Teachers and Students of Singing and Speaking. By Mary Ingles James. C. W. Thompson & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 99 pages. $1.

Spencer Kellogg Brown: His Life in Kansas and his Death as a Spy, 1842-1863. Edited by George Gardner Smith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 380 pages. $1.35, net. (Postage, 12c.)

This biography of a young soldier on the Union side in our Civil War acquaints the reader with a character interesting and heroic, and in his latter days deeply religious. Many incidents, and especially facts relating to occurrences and conditions connected with the early settlement of Kansas, are stated with a too evident bias; but in the main historical information is quietly given and authentic.

Tocsin (The): Our Children in Peril. By Elizabeth Strong Worthington. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 102 pages.

True History of the Civil War (The). By Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 421 pages. $2, net.

In his preface the author wins the reader's sympathy by explaining that he is not responsible for the arrogant title. The respect in which he endeavors to make his history of the Civil War more nearly true than most short accounts of it is by presenting more fully the Southern view of things as a supplement and corrective of the Northern. The work is fairly well done, but hardly more than this. A curious typographical error is a reference to the hostility in England toward the "moral" tariff adopted by the North—referring, of course, to the tariff enactment introduced by Congressman Morrill.

What Shall We Eat: The Food Question from the Standpoint of Health, Strength, and Economy. By Alfred Andrews. The Health-Culture Co., New York. 5¼×7 in. 119 pages. 50c.